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NATION

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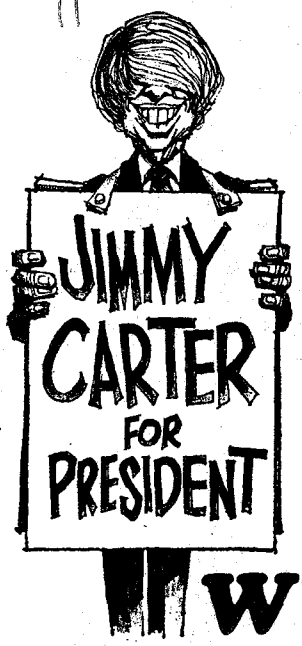

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APR 13 1976

Why I Don't Support Jimmy Carter JULIAN BOND

CLEANING UP THE ENVIRONMENT
IS A MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION
Gladwin Hill

ABSENTEE LORDS OF THE NEW SOUTH
Mark Pinsky

GYPSIES: THE BLACKS OF EAST EUROPE
Grattan Puxon

Brenda Wilkinson's 'Ludell' / Addison Gayle

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LETTERS

facing reality

Harvey Cedars, N.J.

Thanks for your lead editorial ["Season of Change," Mar. 20]; it added to the fresh breeze helping to blow away the lingering cold-war clichés. In its best moments *The Nation* was among those who led in policies for peace "with our eyes wide open"; that edit does it again.

Fortunately, you are not alone. Reagan and Jackson were shown by polls to be gaining momentum until they attacked "détente." After that, they met their first serious defeats.

Henry Kissinger's affinity to the Pentagon and big war budgets, as shown by his Boston speech (Mar. 11), should not blind us to the positive significance of what he says:

> The world's . . . hope for peace hinges on the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. . . . We have an obligation to work for a more positive future. . . . There is no tranquillity in a balance of terror constantly contested. . . . What level of confrontation do they [anti-détente spokesmen] seek? What threats would they make? What risks would they run?

By contrast to the shabby demagoguery of Reagan-Jackson, that is statesmanship.

Surely the powerful capitalist groups in our country for whom Mr. Kissinger speaks, and many others, have little sympathy for Soviet socialism and . . . like to stop the democratic revolutionary peoples who seek independence and self-realization. . . . But facing reality, all are coming to understand that they cannot continue courting more humiliations for the United States by supporting such archaic would-be rulers as Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, Bao Dai, Diem, Ky and Thieu, the Papadopoulos junta, Holden, and all their sad ilk. Our country knows the bitter taste of our errors; the "Season of Change" is welcome indeed. . . .

Sam Darcy

China on our side

Inglewood, Calif.

In proposing a global solution to our nuclear dilemma one should take proper note of global phenomena. Richard Falk ["Rejecting the Faustian Bargain," *The Nation*, Mar. 13], sanely argues that "the first measure to reverse the [nuclear] tide that has existed since Hiroshima would be to renounce forever the use of nuclear weapons, except in self-defense against a nuclear attack." Hear, hear! But surely Mr. Falk knows that one major power has already done precisely this. The Chinese Government has repeatedly pledged not to be the first to use atomic weapons, and it has urged a similar policy on the Americans and Russians. Insistent publication of this fact can only help the disarmament cause. As Professor Falk says, the truth *is* too powerful for the nuclear nuts to handle; they prefer secrecy. The more reason to let all people of good will know that one government is already on their side; they will be the more encouraged to urge their own government to follow suit.

William Doyle, History Dept.
Los Angeles Southwest College

Carter's charter

Berkeley, Calif.

The Nation refers to Jimmy Carter's "charismatic cloudiness." Carter may have been slower to clarify his stand on abortion than some candidates, but I find this statement of his on other issues both clear and terse:

> I favor gun control. I oppose forced busing to achieve integration and favor the voluntary busing plan we successfully worked out for Atlanta's schools. I favor decriminalization of marijuana, increased reliance on coal and sunlight for energy, reduction of nuclear weapons to zero, and less U.S. military presence abroad.

If any other candidate has so neat a summary, I'd like to see it.

Tertius Chandler

Cover drawing: Conrad, Los Angeles Times

EDITORIALS

Next Stop Pennsylvania

Gerald Ford was the main winner of the April 6th primaries in New York and Wisconsin—and not just in his own party. As long as the Democrats fail to produce a clear leader, one who can unite the major elements of the party in a drive for the nomination, the incumbent Republican gains strength.

On the Democratic side, the results left all three of the visible candidates still able to continue. Humphrey, the invisible candidate, gained from the failure of any of the open runners to win a clear lead. Carter's hairline victory over Udall in Wisconsin helps him a bit, but he scored not so well in New York. Udall's failure to win a clean victory in what should have been his best state, Wisconsin, will slow him a little, but he did better in New York than the "form" showed he would. Jackson missed his predicted "landslide" by a mile in New York and even failed narrowly to get a majority of the delegates there; in Wisconsin he did poorly indeed, and his excuse will be that he lowered his sights there in order to make a huge effort in New York.

So the three Democrats head for the next big confrontation in Pennsylvania on April 27, all of them bloodied a bit but still unbowed. The survivors can be described more or less as follows: Jackson—establishment conservative; Udall—establishment liberal; Carter—insurgent moderate.

Carter will now have to decide whether to search for the extra votes on his Left or his Right (unless he sticks to his thoroughly independent line). Udall and Jackson seem locked into their positions, with no room for maneuver. If either of these two should falter down the road, which is not impossible, Humphrey the Undeclared will pick up the pieces (all of Jackson's and most of Udall's). Carter will clearly go all the way to the convention, but if he arrives there with less than, say, 1,100 of the needed 1,505 delegates, he will have real trouble. Humphrey will be waiting in the wings, barely able to contain himself.

One of Udall's risks in the weeks ahead is that he will become the main instrument of a stop-Carter movement—to Humphrey's advantage and not to his own. We still believe that Udall is the best man (see Julian Bond's article in this issue) but there are dangers ahead for his candidacy and its effects on his party.

It is not an encouraging picture and, as we said, Ford is the beneficiary of the still gaping splits in the Democratic Party.

Crabs of Diplomacy

The observations that follow are about a strange and possibly ominous development in American foreign policy, but the language used by Helmut Sonnenfeldt of the U.S. State Department to describe it is so elliptical, not to say peculiar, that we start with an old American statement on diplomatic ambiguity. It was made more than a century ago by John Hay, who had been one of Lincoln's wartime secretaries and was to become Secretary of State. Said Hay: "There are three species of creatures who when they

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seem coming are going, when they seem going they come: Diplomats, women, and crabs."

Skipping the possible slander of women and crabs, Hay's dictum on diplomats might have been written with Helmut Sonnenfeldt in mind. This right hand of Henry Kissinger convened a meeting of our European ambassadors in London last December, and there delivered a lecture, which has just come to light, on the nature of American and Russian power relationships in Europe. Ronald Reagan, who rolled Sonnenfeldt's speech into a club with which to beat Kissinger and Ford over the head, read it one way. Kissinger himself, naturally, read it in an altogether different way.

The whole thing is most embarrassing to the Ford administration because the Counselor of the State Department seemed, in the original version at least, to be writing off all of Eastern Europe as a permanent part of the Soviet power system. And this at a time when the Republicans are busy courting the "ethnic" vote which was once securely Democratic!

What Sonnenfeldt said, according to the State Department's version, was that American policy ought to "strive for an evolution that makes the relationship between the Eastern Europeans and the Soviet Union an organic one." That seems perfectly clear, though a remarkable shift in a policy that up to now has never "abandoned" the six countries of the Warsaw Pact to the mercies of Moscow. But Kissinger also made it clear before a House committee a few days ago that he did not think his principal aide knew whether he was coming or going when he made the statement. He said that "organic" was "an unfortunate word" and what Sonnenfeldt really meant was "historic," which he went on to define as dictating "a relationship in which the Soviet Union was not so predominant." Is it all clear now?

Maybe so, but we cannot tell from this "clarification" whether Kissinger knows where United States policy came from or where it is going. "Organic" must mean something like inherent, appropriate or permanent. And "historic" is a peculiarly unfortunate attempt to correct it. As Kissinger, given his European origins, certainly knows, the "historic" relations of Poland and Russia, for example, include a century and a half of absolute Russian domination—an "historic" situation which regrettably still exists today. So what does Kissinger's erasure of Sonnenfeldt's "organic" notion really do? Nothing, is the inescapable answer.

There is a most serious side to all this, and it concerns a fundamental mistake in the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt approach to the United States' relations with the world. It is a classic "conceptual" error, to use Kissinger's favorite term, one of those he brought with him when he moved from the classroom to the corridors of power.

The mistake is to think that everything can be conveniently arranged into a symmetrical pattern by the two big powers acting alone and in their own balanced interests. Kissinger has always had this 19th-century idea as the centerpiece of his construct of a sound world order. It comes straight from his studies of European politics from Metternich through Bismarck. There, and then, it did indeed work to preserve a kind of repressive stability.

But the circumstances that made that conservative balance possible on the European continent are almost

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THE NATION

Volume 222
No. 15

NOTICE TO LIBRARIANS

Through a typographical error two of our issues were incorrectly numbered: the March 13th issue should have been Volume 222, No. 10; the March 20th issue should have been No. 11.

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wholly absent from the volatile politics of the world in the 20th century. The breakdown of conventional ideas of "order," the addition of powerful ideological impulses, the demands of high-technology economies during explosive population increases, and the proliferation of what Sonnenfeldt charmingly calls "dwarf states" all over the world are just some of the differences between the world Kissinger remembers (and imagines) and the world that really exists.

His distorted perception of reality makes him view every problem (the Cuban expeditionary force in Africa, for instance) as but a reflection of the competition for influence or hegemony of the two great powers. To the interests at stake in that contest everything—and every smaller nation—must be subordinated. That is why Kissinger's chief aide can consign all of Eastern Europe to permanent "organic" subjection to the USSR in its accepted sphere of influence. And the same kind of analysis makes Kissinger see an end to NATO and the consequent "isolation" of the United States in the possible participation by the Communist parties of the Western democracies in their government.

This frozen stare has never been the American way of looking at things for the long haul of history and it should not be now.

Chinese Ballet

Speaking of strange politics, across the world in Peking a battle of the wreaths to honor Chou En-lai has been raging in the Chinese capital's main square. The riot was over the authorities' removal of offerings placed to honor the memory of the late Premier who was for so long Chairman Mao's right hand and who now in death is apparently being used by one faction to oppose "Maoism." This violent action, and the reaction to it, is filled with the symbolism that stands in place of open politics in a closed society.

Not much is clear about the demonstrations except that Mao Tse-tung himself, and particularly the matter of the succession to him and to Chou, was involved in the struggles in T'ien-an Men Square. Teng Hsiao-p'ing, Chou's designated heir, seems to have been stripped of all his functions. Does even Mao's great influence survive intact? A close reading of the tea leaves tells us as much as the vague reports from Peking.

The men in the Kremlin allow no politics in the streets. The equivalent old men in Peking choreograph demonstrations in symbolic squares for their obscure purposes. Both these political systems make even our disorderly primary election system seem like a model of rational political behavior.

Castro's Legions

Cuba, with an estimated population of about 9 million, seems well launched on a course of international adventurism, and the question is what can or should be done about it by what used to be called "the free world." The latest report on the spread of Cuban military stiffening to various insurgent groups in the area of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf comes in a report from Drew Middleton, *The New York Times'* military correspondent (April 5). It is based on anonymous intelligence sources, but they include more than the usual CIA "leaks" ("American intelligence analysts," etc.), since Middleton cites British and Israeli observers as well as American.

This story and others like it tell of Cuban airmen training pilots of dissident forces in Yemen and Oman, two politically unstable territories near the outlets, respectively, of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. A very large proportion of the Middle East's oil must pass through these strategic waters. And Cuban advisers and Russian weapons are said to be piling into other trouble spots in that area, notably Somalia and its neighboring territories at the mouth of the Red Sea.

The Middleton account appeared on the same day that the *Times* reported that President Sadat had withdrawn permission for Russian ships to use Egyptian ports on the Mediterranean; that puts period to Egypt's "friendship" treaty with the USSR. Sadat was especially exercised at his neighbors, the Libyans, whose dictator Qaddafi he called "a mental case." He charged that Qaddafi has ordered $11 billion in arms from Russia—if true, that amounts to about $4,680 per capita, or roughly ten times what America spends per capita on arms.

After that glance at the kegs of powder lying all over the Middle East, now back to the Cubans—and what can be done about them. We know what Henry Kissinger thinks. Depending on his mood, the Secretary of State says this country will not "tolerate" or, alternatively, "accept" any more of this Cuban gallivanting around the world. The question about these tough words has always been whether or not to dismiss them as mere bluff and bluster. Are we seriously to imagine an American military intervention in the Trucial States of the Arabian peninsula? As Charles Lipson points out elsewhere in this issue, Kissinger was probably thinking much more about southern Africa, and particularly Rhodesia, in the wake of the successful Cuban intervention in Angola. Still, his words hang there, hollow or real, and neither reading gives grounds for confidence in the sense or steadiness of American policies.

But are we in a position to advise the Cubans on how to behave in the world, just because we are big and powerful and they are small? Should they give consideration to our view of world strategic balance, which they, in the interests of their superpower friends in Moscow, are helping to upset? Have we still any ability to influence the policies of Fidel Castro? Can we convincingly express to him the dangers of playing a mercenary role in the shadow of a major power (remember the South Koreans we brought in division strength to help fight our war in Vietnam)?

The answers to all these questions must be in the negative. A decade and a half of wrong policies toward Cuba have resulted in policy bankruptcy in Washington. There is almost nothing left for us to do about Castro except threaten—or invade. And can invasion really be what the U.S. Government has in mind? A number of members of Congress have been urging an altogether different policy toward Cuba. Senators McGovern, Abourezk and Kennedy, among others, advocate moving

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toward "normalization" of relations with Cuba, ending the attempts to isolate Castro from the normal life of the Western Hemisphere that have ended in failure and driven him at last into the military service of Russia. These pleas fall on deaf ears in Washington, especially during an election year when President Ford is eagerly accepting the bellicose gage of his challenger, Ronald Reagan.

In the long range, Cuba may regret this period of mercenary adventuring under the Russian flag, even with all the revolutionary trimmings. But in the short run there is very little the United States can do to change Castro's course or restrain his commitment of soldiers to fight in faraway lands for obscure reasons of ideology and big-power politics. That sounds like a fair description of the United States as "a pitiful, helpless giant," in Richard Nixon's phrase. And the reason for it is not lack of arms but the wrong policies that have been in effect for years and years.

Playing at Terror

Some nut in New York City shoots at a Russian office or residence. Tit. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics warns the U.S. Embassy in Moscow that it has been alerted by an anonymous voice on the phone that there may be a retaliatory bomb set to go off on the Embassy's second floor. Tat.

There is high comedy and potential tragedy in this ridiculous tit for tat. The New York nuts are quite able to buy guns, crouch in a lightly policed street and ratatat away in the dead of the night, when fortunately their Russian targets are not around, to score some political point of their imagining. The police don't seem able to catch these "protesters." The indignant Muscovites are not nuts at all—they are individuals assigned by the police bureaucracy to make a counterdemonstration by threatening to behave as outraged persons, free to express their views—even with explosives.

The Soviet authorities know that everyone in the Western world with a grade school education is aware that this is a government action masquerading as a private act. And still they go through with it, perhaps counting on kidding the kindergartners.

There is something sad about the Soviet pretense of free expression because it simply advertises the lack of all spontaneity in that closed society. Of course it is also sad that American citizens think they can advance the cause of freedom in Russia by taking pot shots at Russian-occupied buildings. It is hard to say which is more foolish, the individual pseudo-terrorists or the terrorist state.

Healthier–and Also Wealthier

It is well meaning but under the circumstances irrelevant when some newspaper or magazine runs an editorial pleading that steps be taken to preserve the peregrine falcon or the almost extinct wallaby (*The New York Times* is a leading pleader for endangered species far from the madding crowd). One reaction has been a cynical contempt for the whole movement to preserve an environment in which human beings as well as wallabies must survive.

As Gladwin Hill shows in an article in this issue, the opposition to environmental reform is often far off base. It is not a question of jobs *or* clean air and water. The truth is that the effort to keep our world healthily habitable, given the inevitable pollution of an industrial society, creates jobs instead of destroying them. He points out that a serious study of the effects of the cleanup could trace only 13,900 lost jobs in five years as against 70,000 jobs created just by the sewage-treatment upgrading mandated by the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969.

Smokestacks belching black, poisonous smoke are not synonymous with prosperity. Stacks with pollutant controls mean even more jobs, and they save lives at a rate medical science is constantly revising upward. It is a false distinction to split the population into the rich environmentalists who can "afford" a healthy environment and the blue-collar working men and women who must pay for this "luxury."

As for the cost of the cleanup after all these years of filthy neglect, it is less, at $21 billion a year, than this country spends on advertising. And, for each American, the cost of it is about one-tenth of what we spend each year on armaments and the men to use them. Surely expenditures on the human environment are a kind of defense spending—on life itself.

Warehouse Committee

The word that the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct—known inaccurately and for short as the "ethics" committee—has set up its headquarters for the investigation of Daniel Schorr and the leak of the Pike Committee report on intelligence in the abandoned FBI fingerprint warehouse at the foot of Capitol Hill is almost too good to be true, but true it is.

The ghosts of all those whorls and swirls on the thumbs of millions of Americans, ranging from wide-eyed Boy Scouts touring Fortress Hoover to see the guns the G-men snatched from the hands of all those Dillingers of song and story (and then patriotically leaving their innocent little smudges for the great man's endless files) to the prints of those thousands of "most wanted" characters themselves will hang over the probe of who leaked what to whom and when last winter.

It is a fine locale for the investigation of how the House-suppressed report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence got to the public ken after its substance had filtered through the loose mesh of the government's intelligence apparatus, both legislative and executive. The spirit of the late departed J. Edgar Hoover would be right at home, hovering over the laborious efforts of the House "ethics" staff which so far consists mainly of thirteen former FBI agents hired at the rate of $100 a day, according to *The Washington Post* of April 6.

It has been made known, presumably officially and not by "leak," that these worthies' contracts will cost us $80,000 before their gumshoeing is done and that they intend to interview some 400 sources, or should we say "suspects"? The "ethics" committee has guaranteed to provide for their care and feeding until January 3 of next year, indicating that the inquiry is expected to be difficult and the trail long and tortuous.

All of this reminds us that we miss Daniel Schorr's

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reporting on the air for CBS News. His sharp, skeptical, almost surgical style of uncovering truths which a secretive government does its constant best to hide leaves a gap in the nightly news. We said when it was announced that CBS had relieved Schorr of all reporting assignments, on the ground that he had become a principal in a case involving access to the news, that we could understand the practicalities that lay back of CBS's decision. It seemed doubtful to us that a famous (or, as his enemies would say, notorious) figure in what amounts to a First Amendment case of free speech could function as a reporter while all this was going on; his sources would have other things on their minds when he talked with them.

Now we are not so sure that this consideration "played," as they say in networkland, with the CBS authorities who took Schorr off the air. The commercial broadcasters' record of timidity in defending the rights of free speech (of themselves and of others) would seem to argue that customary cowardice might have been the star of this show.

At this point in the investigation, and while he continues to be kept silent, it is worth recalling some of the stories the public owes to the industry and intelligence of this one Washington reporter:

¶It was Daniel Schorr who in February 1975 revealed that the CIA had been involved in at least fiddling with plans for the assassination of foreign leaders. That revelation forced President Ford to make the Rockefeller Commission open up the whole business of official assassination, even if in a gingerly way.

¶ It was Schorr who first reported that both the CIA and FBI had withheld data from the Warren Commission on plots to kill Castro.

¶ It was Schorr who broke the story in late 1975 that President Nixon had authorized our intelligence operatives to arm the Kurds along the Iran-Iraq border, whom we later abandoned to their bloody fate.

¶ It was Schorr who revealed that in 1972, among other years, our intelligence services were busy financing election campaigns of our "friends" in Italy.

¶ Finally, it was Schorr who first handled the story that William Colby would be fired as CIA director, and then that President Ford had to ask Colby to stay on during a difficult period in that agency's existence.

All these accomplishments, and there are others, put the public deeply in the debt of this bold and enterprising reporter. He has repeatedly informed Americans of things their government wanted to cover up and which they had a right, even a need, to know. The House "ethics" committee should bear that in mind as it gears up to find out who leaked that already well-known Pike Committee report on the doings and misdoings of the American intelligence services.

Why I *Don't* Support Jimmy Carter

JULIAN BOND

Atlanta

The democratic process that elects the President of the United States is essentially an elimination contest in which voters are presented with a series of diminishing options. The voter's first choice of December isn't available by March, and the March contender who tickles the public fancy may have wilted by June. As they search for a candidate whose political views and voting record are closest to their own, they remain loyal to certain political principles. And that's why I support Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona. That's why I can't support Jimmy Carter of Georgia.

As a veteran of the 1968 McCarthy campaign, and the 1972 McGovern campaign, I've tried to seek and support candidates whose accomplishments and current statements demonstrate their support of traditionally liberal principles and humanistic values in which I believe. Morris Udall supports those principles and values. Jimmy Carter does not.

Representative Udall's fourteen-year record in the Congress places him squarely in the liberal column, and demonstrates that his commitment to social justice didn't begin with his ambition to become President. Jimmy Carter nominated "Scoop" Jackson for President in Miami in 1972, then attempted to organize a "stop-McGovern" movement. When that failed, he approached at least two black Georgia delegates and asked us to mention his name to McGovern as a possible running mate. I did so twice, both before and after Eagleton, but now Carter lies and says it wasn't so.

As a candidate for governor of Georgia, Carter courted the Wallace vote, and said nice things about Lester Maddox. Ray Abernathy, who worked for Carter's advertising agency during the gubernatorial campaign, says he used Carter campaign funds to pay for the media advertising of a black candidate for governor, who would pull votes away from Carter's liberal opponent, former Gov. Carl Sanders. Carter let Georgia's white voters know he could win "without a single black vote." He won the primary with less than 10 per cent of that vote.

At the June 1972 Democratic Governors' Conference in Omaha, Carter introduced resolutions asking that the war in Vietnam *not* be an issue in the 1972 campaign; praising J. Edgar Hoover for his "service" to the nation, and urging both Gov. George Wallace of Alabama and Gov. John Bell Williams of Mississippi to come back into the party.

In 1972, my brother, Atlanta City Councilman James Bond, and I filed a challenge with the Credentials Committee of the Democratic National Convention against the Georgia delegates elected under a Carter-constructed system. We charged racial and sexual discrimination in the

Julian Bond is a Democratic member of the Georgia Senate.

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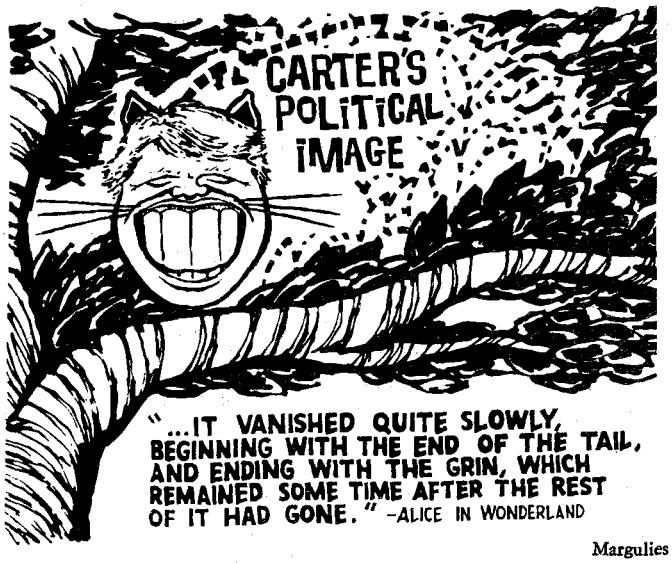
CARTER'S POLITICAL IMAGE
"...IT VANISHED QUITE SLOWLY, BEGINNING WITH THE END OF THE TAIL, AND ENDING WITH THE GRIN, WHICH REMAINED SOME TIME AFTER THE REST OF IT HAD GONE." -ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Margulies

make-up of the Carter-led delegation. We won the challenge, and the compromise that resulted provided fair representation for Georgia voters.

When New York City teetered on the brink of bankruptcy, former Governor Carter opposed federal aid, but now says he only opposed federal aid to the city that would by-pass state government. And now he also says he favors by-passing the states in distributing revenue-sharing funds. Jimmy Carter blames "New York bosses" for challenges that were filed against his delegate slates, but neglects to add that he himself challenged slates in New York State.

Carter's strongest black supporter, U.S. Rep. Andrew Young of Atlanta's Fifth District (see "Why I Support Jimmy Carter" by Representative Young, *The Nation*, April 3) says that Jimmy Carter wants to drive bosses like Mayor Richard Daley out of the party, but Carter instructs his Illinois delegates to vote for Daley, to insure Daley the chairmanship of the Illinois delegation. Carter says that when he becomes President he's going to fire Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, but that sounds like an echo of Richard Nixon's cheap promise to fire then-U.S. Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark, and it echoes the boastful claim of every candidate that he will hire his own men.

Carter vacillated on the issues after his New Hampshire primary victory, but responded to queries about his chameleon-like campaign rhetoric by saying, "These attacks don't hurt me—they hurt America." Sound familiar? Carter tells a questioner who seeks full information about changes he proposes in the nation's foreign policy, "I'll discuss that in my inaugural address."

Carter says he has never benefited from federal crop subsidies, but now Department of Agriculture officials say he did. When Jimmy Carter visited Europe while preparing for his campaigns, he indicated that his appointments were made by the Coca-Cola Company, not by State Department officials.

Jimmy Carter has had undeniable success in putting together a dream coalition of blacks and anti-black voters, of working-class whites and businessmen, and thus appears to be a tempting candidate—to those voters who hold victory higher than principle. In North Carolina and in Florida, his success with black voters can be attributed to his brave posture as the Wallace slayer. In Massachusetts and in Illinois, he can thank the ineptitude of the opposition.

Southern Baptists are fond of saying that "prayer changes things." Jimmy Carter's religiosity has certainly had that effect on him, in fact has changed him from Left to Right to Center so many times that converts to the Carter cause ought to take a cue from an earlier apostle—Thomas, who doubted.

Liberal voters who are long tired of losing election battles may want to lay down their liberalism and convert to Carter. I'll stick with Morris Udall of Arizona. □

THE PROFITS OF ECOLOGY

Cleaning the Stable Makes Jobs

GLADWIN HILL

If *The New York Times* were suddenly to start publishing comic strips, it's a fair bet that some vested interests in the country would seize on the development as a reason for stopping the clock on environmental reform. It has become apparent in the past few years that no pretext is too far-fetched for the polluters and resources exploiters, the politician fumbling for Brownie points, or just your common garden-variety muddy thinker, all of whom are eager to pin the blame for assorted troubles on the national quest for environmental quality.

First it was the energy bind. Stop all this environmental nonsense and there would be power aplenty.

Then it was inflation. Supposedly sensible corporation executives went around braying that all these expenditures for environment were what was driving up prices.

Then it was unemployment. Lift the environmental restrictions and the jobless lines would suddenly evaporate.

Lately it has been "the economy." A clean and attractive environment is certainly nice—but it's something we just can't afford in our present straits.

There has been one basic flaw in this recurrent lamenta-

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tion: like the fabled Indian rope trick, it has singularly lacked factual corroboration.

When people looked around for specific ways in which an environmental rollback would augment the power supply, the ways turned out to be precious few. Out of the approximately 1,000 power plants in the country, only a handful were readily susceptible to a shift from oil or gas to coal. Eliminating smog-control equipment on cars, it turned out, wouldn't cut gasoline consumption all that much.

Inflation? The Council on Environmental Quality, the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of Commerce had several independent research organizations run exhaustive computer studies on the components of inflation. The unanimous answer was that federally mandated environmental outlays represented a minuscule 0.5 per cent—an estimate that brigades of corporate economists have been unable to shake.

The people who started hollering about jobs must be wishing they'd never raised the matter. Russell Train, administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, gently pointed out that its $18-billion grants program to help cities modernize sewage facilities was the biggest federal public works program currently on the books, with each $1 billion representing upward of 70,000 jobs. On the basis of Bureau of Labor Statistics data, Wall Street analysts have figured that pollution-control activities of all sorts currently account for more than a million jobs.

Much of the nonsense being bandied about regarding environment stems from a widespread failure to grasp the nature and proportions of the environmental revolution. Every day there are people who ask plaintively: "When is this environment thing going to go away?" Because the eco-freaks and kindred zealots of the 1970 Earth Day are no longer conspicuous, some conclude that environmental concern was a passing fad like the hula hoop.

A little reflection should convince anyone that "this environment thing" is *never* going to go away. Environment is simply our physical world and our interaction with it. It has always been with us and always will be. The only question is what quality of environment we choose to have.

An overwhelming answer to this question took shape during the 1960s and burst like a thunderclap at the end of the decade. There was a sudden mass realization that we had been systematically degrading the planet's very limited store of resources that underlie an extraordinary equilibrium: the balance of forces that, after billions of years and millions of transitory species, produced and has sustained mankind. The answer that resounded was that we wanted a vastly improved environment—first for the sake of sheer survival, and second to sustain aesthetic values: "the quality of life."

This answer found expression in the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, a remarkable piece of legislation that in essence says that, before we undertake any sizable projects, we should weigh the environmental consequences. The answer found expression also in one of the most radical governmental shake-ups in the nation's history: the stripping from half a dozen major federal agencies of regulatory functions compromised by conflict of interest, and the consolidation of these functions in a new entity, the Environmental Protection Agency. It produced a spate of environmental legislation—the air pollution, water pollution, solid waste, noise, pesticide and coastal management laws, and other measures still emerging.

The new-found environmental concern brought a small revolution in our judicial system: the emergence of the new field of environmental law, in which the classical John Doe-vs.-Richard Roe private property oriented ethic gives way to the concept of citizen groups taking the part, as Justice Douglas put it, of "the rocks and the trees."

All this amounted to the pealing of a great bell that can't be unrung. Today the nation's march toward environmental reform is past the point of no return. Abatement of air and water pollution and noise, and of solid waste and toxic problems, is locked into statutes that may be modified but are hardly going to be repealed. Much of the self-serving rhetoric about renouncing environmental values assumes the goofy premise that these mandates do not exist.

The statutes call for corrective expenditures by industry, government and the public that are proceeding for the current decade (1974-83) at the average rate of around $22 billion a year. The Ford administration hardly knows what environment is, but in Congress environmental awareness was never stronger. Some 125 House members belong to the Environmental Study Conference, a bipartisan entity—unique for a particular legislative subject area—with its own staff, that informs members weekly about upcoming environmental measures. Lobbyists for industry and other historic interest groups are now matched in acumen and zeal, if not in numbers and money, by environmental advocates.

The national "environmental vote" has grown in influence in every election since 1970. A score of House members have felt its wrath (including Wayne Aspinall, the crusty long-time chairman of the Interior Committee) and lost their seats; and it has had a demonstrably pivotal influence on Senatorial, gubernatorial and state legislative contests as well. Most of the states have instituted environmental agencies; a number of them have enacted counterparts of the National Environmental Policy Act, amid countless other pieces of environmental legislation. The United States is now involved in a wide array of collaborative environmental projects with other nations, and is a major partner in the United Nations Environmental Program.

Finally, citizen interest in environmental reforms shows no sign of flagging. Contrary to some industrialists' self-serving crocodile tears about environmentally increased prices, an Opinion Research poll last year recorded that nearly two out of three respondents said they were willing to pay higher prices and higher taxes for pollution abatement.

Environmental reform steps on nearly everybody's toes in one way or another, because it involves some changes in the way we do things. There are legitimate areas of disagreement about how far and how fast reforms should proceed. The crux of the push for environmental quality is that these questions should be threshed out on the basis of sober factual appraisal and conscious public choices,

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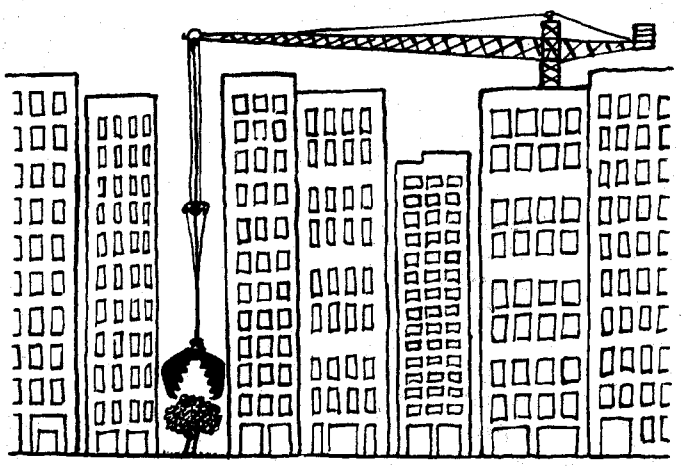
rather than by demagoguery, back-room decision making or the feckless default that, over a couple of centuries, has led to our environmental predicament.

The unarguable logic of a realistic approach leads antagonists to lash about with a now familiar repertory of sophistries. Foremost among these is the false alternative: "environment *or* jobs," "environment *or* food," "environment *or* energy." "Trees don't pay taxes—industry pays taxes," roars a Michigan legislator. "Do we want trout streams at the cost of breadlines?" demands a union official. "Do you want steaks or coyotes?" asks Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz, a master of the false "either-or."



Mitropolos

The fallacy in these fulminations is that none of the proffered choices are mutually exclusive. There's no law, economic or otherwise, that says we can't have both trees and industry, coyotes and beef, trout streams and jobs. These deceptions, calculated to produce alarm, are subtle variants of the specious rubric by which industry for generations rationalized its pollution: "Belching smokestacks mean prosperity"—a concept that most of industry has renounced, although United States Steel is not above resurrecting it whenever authorities lean on one of its antiquated plants.

The implication is that we can't have prosperity without pollution, or conversely that environmental quality is inordinately expensive. The "we can't afford it" argument was industry's knee-jerk response in the early days of environmental reform, and is no more valid now than it was then.

What do pollution controls cost us? The Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ) has been running careful studies on this year by year, and there have been no basic challenges to its conclusions. Because environmental-control projects tend to extend over several years, the CEQ makes its estimates by decades. The latest, for the 1974-83 decade, is that expenditures attributable to federal laws will aggregate about $217 billion—an average of some $21 billion a year. This compares with a gross national product of around $1,000 billion a year, and is less than what the nation spends on advertising.

Of that $217 billion, about $143 billion is for air-pollution abatement, about $68 billion for water-pollution abatement, and about $6 billion for solid waste. Industry's share of the total is about $113 billion; federal, state and local government's $32 billion; and the public's direct share about $73 billion—most of that for installation and operation of automobile smog controls.

Actual expenditures by all sectors of the economy on pollution control in 1975, a CEQ analysis concluded, came to only $15.7 billion. Industry's capital outlays for pollution control have been running only about $6 billion a year, out of total expenditures for new plants and equipment approaching $120 billion.

Federally mandated pollution controls, the CEQ estimates, cost citizens $47 each last year. That is projected to rise to something more than $100 in the next few years; then it will settle down—after equipment installations are completed—to an annual amount of around $100.

Early predictions that pollution-control expenditures would bring an epidemic of factory closings were specious on their face. An industrial establishment that would be bankrupted by pollution-control costs is, by its own definition, one that is surviving competitively only by polluting—a position hardly calculated to bring either longevity or much sympathy from competitors. In point of fact, a close watch by the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of Commerce has turned up, since 1971, only seventy-five plant closings—involving 13,900 workers—in which cleanup requirements were even purported to be a factor.

Beleaguered by these realities, anti-environment rhetoricians have fallen back on a slightly more subtle obfuscation. That is the implication that, whatever environmental improvement may cost, it is an avoidable expenditure in these days of tight money—a luxury espoused mainly by starry-eyed bird watchers. Some millennial day, when other problems have been solved, environmental improvement may indeed move into the realm of debatable aesthetics. But at this juncture in the minds of sensible people it is very much focused on survival.

Survival is to a very great extent the issue. Congress when it enacted the air and water pollution laws wasn't mesmerized by some lobbying Svengali in hiking boots. It was impelled by the demonstrable fact that people were dying, and millions being sickened or made miserable, by an advancing plague of foul air and contaminated water. Current environmental efforts are still centered on bringing these blights within bounds consistent with basic public health.

The trade-off is quite explicit. Air and water pollution, according to the best estimates the Environmental Protection Agency can marshal, costs the nation upward of $30 billion a year—not counting most of the toll from cancer, 60 to 90 per cent of which is authoritatively attributed to still largely undefined environmental causes. Expenditures on the order of $20 billion a year designed to extirpate conditions costing upward of $30 billion a year are obviously a bargain.

Are there not, then, any conflicts between environmental aspirations and everyday needs? Of course there are—a myriad of them. Every human decision involves a choice between doing one thing and doing something else.

No one has suggested that environmental reform should be pursued to the exclusion of everything, or anything,

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else—not even to the extent of the dislocations the nation accepted in prosecuting World War II. All that is being asked is that environmental values, historically ignored in public and corporate decision making, have a seat at the council table.

The governor of New York may be right to raise the question of which is preferable, the maintenance of 1,200 jobs or the continued discharge of marginal amounts of poison by an industrial plant into the Hudson River. The governor of New Jersey may suggest that, within the limits of federal air-quality standards, the state's emission quotas might be rejiggered to avoid some possible industrial shutdowns. But by the same token the public is entitled to get and examine the facts and through its elected and appointed representatives render a verdict on which of such alternatives it wants.

It is more than possible that in some particular situations environmental strictures fall too harshly and warrant dispensations; or that circumstances may make some environmental objectives subject to revision. However, the mere emergence of problems, disagreements and hard choices hardly warrants, as some try to suggest, across-the-board repudiation or suspension of the quest for environmental quality.

Judgments and choices are the warp and woof of the environmental revolution. And it's not going to go away. □

SURROGATE TARGETS

Angola and the Memory of Vietnam

CHARLES LIPSON

Rattling sabers, deploying battleships, and uttering vague threats are the traditional stuff of diplomacy. To seasoned practitioners like Henry Kissinger, these familiar tasks must hold a special contentment and fascination. Their ancient purpose has not faded, he is saying, and neither has America's. After months of frustration over matters like the New International Economic Order, threatening Cuba must be the perfect respite. In such mundane affairs as tariffs, quotas, wheat sales and the Concorde's landing rights, the Secretary of State must, at best, *share* policy-making responsibilities with a dozen bureaucracies. Besides the usual problems of international negotiations, he must attempt to forge a coordinated foreign policy against the pushing and shoving of agencies responsible primarily to separate domestic constituencies. The once-favored distinction between low politics and high politics is being forgotten and, with it, the fiction that the nation speaks to the world with a single voice. The voice being drowned out, in this case, is resonant and German-accented.

Under these trying circumstances, Kissinger's constant temptation is to search out diplomatic-military conflicts, the raw material of old-fashioned high politics. The search is encouraged, and its scope proportionally widened, by that most durable objective of postwar American foreign policy: global anti-communism. It is an idea that joins the most vital concerns of bipolar diplomacy to the outcomes of seemingly minor local conflicts.

So perhaps we should not be surprised when Kissinger blusters about Angola or snaps at the Cubans. They are mere targets of convenience. Their meaning is largely derivative. Kissinger's eyes remain on the Soviets. His message to them is clear enough: "leash the Cubans." Like the magician's elaborate movements, the finger he shakes at Castro is designed mainly to enthrall the uninitiated while providing a graceful screen behind which the real work is done.

Despite the gradual relaxation of cold-war imagery, those old symbols remain powerful and evocative. They continue to inform United States policy throughout Africa, Asia and Latin America. They remain critical in shaping the foreign policy agenda, as well. After all, why did Angola's long-struggling liberation movements suddenly rate such high-level attention after more than a decade of fighting? The answer can be found in the juxtaposition of Portugal's declining authority and the resumption of Soviet arms shipments to the MPLA in late 1974.

Today, nearly thirty years after the Truman Doctrine was first proclaimed, U.S. policy makers are still guided by expansive notions of national security and stiff anti-nationalism. From the Greek civil war in the late 1940s until the recent revolution in Angola, these notions have confused the meaning of local conflicts by suggesting that their true, "decoded" meaning can be found only in the global superpower rivalry. In this view, the failure to project American power successfully, particularly when Communists are deeply involved, can only corrode the nation's image as a great power and sturdy friend. Weakness anywhere, then, can never be the way to real peace. Only the clear image of resolute, militarized determination can prevent Soviet expansion.

These views also strongly suggest that so-called civil (or class or racial) wars are actually fomented by "outside agents." They are not really civil wars at all. Nor, as in Vietnam, are they understood as genuine revolutions rooted in local conditions and indigenous social structures. Rather, they are considered external aggression and are given names like "insurgency." Thus, even the language of policy suggests the direct Soviet stake in the outcome of these local battles. And if the Soviets have a stake, so must the Americans.

Here, too, recent policy follows a trimmed-down version

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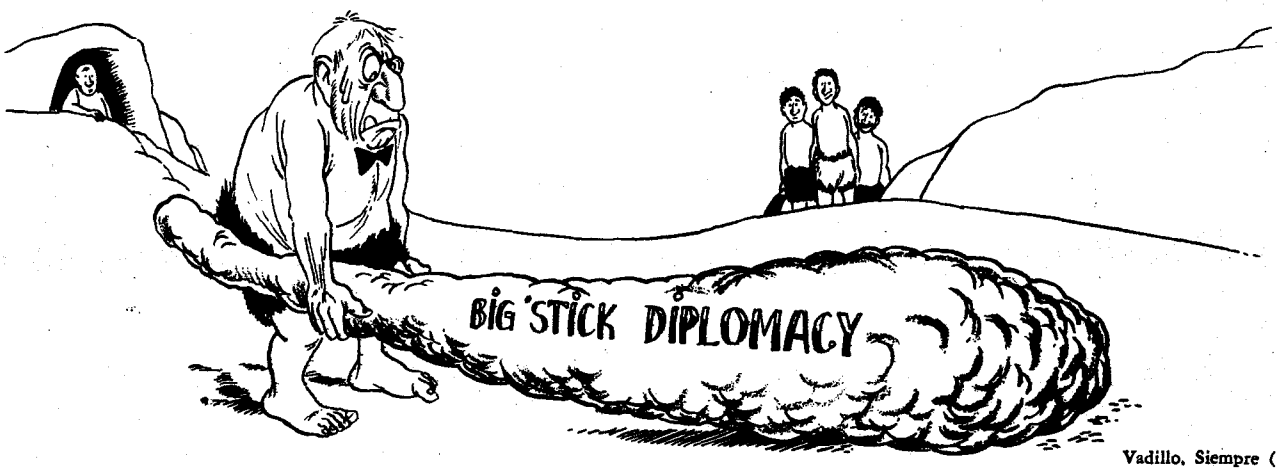
of the Truman Doctrine. Not only did Truman effectively define American security in global terms, he also managed to create a tight link between the character of local conflicts and the American stake in their resolution: "[T]otalitarian regimes imposed on free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression, undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States." With such momentous stakes hinged on seemingly local battles there is little basis for limiting U.S. commitments short of success. Except for "domestic constraints," this conception of foreign policy offers few logical reasons to avoid conventional escalation strategies.

These well-worn ideas have achieved a new visibility recently as the United States has blundered into the worst possible African policy. In January 1975, with Angola's civil war heating up, the administration almost automatically seized the chance to oppose a Communist-led, Soviet-backed liberation movement. The obvious alternative would have been to dramatize a commitment to African anti-colonialism by avoiding covert intervention, while simultaneously publicizing and deploring the Soviet action. Instead, the United States managed a swift, total and very public failure—one with wide ramifications. In southern Africa, this policy has entailed a visible and lonely association with Rhodesia's tiny white population. Symbolically, the United States has identified itself with the most offensive remnants of colonial domination. In doing so, it has isolated itself diplomatically at precisely the time when fears of a race war in southern Africa are growing. In the Western Hemisphere the United States has revitalized its opposition to Cuba without any hope of securing multilateral support for its policies. In the country itself, the administration has fostered a rancorous debate over its policy prerogatives by embarking upon its course without prior Congressional involvement. The resulting show of disunity completely undercuts the threats to level sanctions on Cuba. It also defeats a central purpose of the administration's larger policy—the display of a national determination to counter Soviet military diplomacy.

Underlying the whole Angolan episode is a series of flawed policy judgments remarkably similar to those once used to rationalize U.S. intervention in Indochina. First, local liberation struggles are not considered truly important *in themselves*. Their meaning and their importance come from their potential effects on more comprehensive alliance arrangements. In Vietnam that calculation immediately focused on the other states in Indochina, as well as Indonesia. Indirectly, it included America's central allies in the Pacific—Australia and Japan. Similarly, in Portuguese Africa it was Portugal, not Africa, that really mattered. For American policy makers, the serious issues were NATO partnership with Portugal and continued access to military bases in the Azores. U.S. strategy concentrated on its European alliance structure, including, most significantly, the Azores bases needed to resupply Israel. Consequently, the United States tended to overlook the internal dynamic of anti-colonial struggles in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau. Evidence of Portugal's declining fortunes in Africa were ignored until Caetano was deposed in April 1974.

The leftist coup in Portugal immediately freed U.S. policy in southern Africa from its NATO complications. Yet the administration proved unable to exploit its new freedom. Instead, the National Security Council's "40 Committee" chose to give covert support to the most militarized anti-Soviet faction in the Angolan civil war, the FNLA. According to John Marcum's asute observation (*Foreign Affairs*, April 1976): "Apparently past connections, and an irrepressible habit of thinking in terms of 'our team' and theirs, enticed the administration into choosing one side." A narrow and uncritical concern with Soviet connections to the rival MPLA ultimately dominated and doomed U.S. policy in Angola. This persistent, reflexive anti-communism stared fixedly at the specter of Soviet expansion. It was a focus that linked American policy in Angola with a long line of precedents: Vietnam, Chile, the Dominican Republic and more.

In Angola, as in Vietnam, the administration followed a policy based on a vague, one-sided "theory of consequences." Some important potential costs of intervention were suppressed or underestimated. In Vietnam, these included association with a brutally repressive, narrowly based and thoroughly corrupt regime. In southern Africa, they include an embarrassing and morally repugnant association with the shakiest apartheid regime, Rhodesia. Other possible costs are emphasized. Among the most important are the consequences of defeat (or equally, inaction) for America's allies, for the Soviet Union, and for revolutionary movements elsewhere. The underlying assumption, in Indochina and southern Africa, was that



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

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failure must entail wide and serious repercussions, including the denigration of the United States as a consistent foe of "subversion" and a trustworthy ally and protector. In Vietnam, this little clump of notions was endowed with a geometric, almost Newtonian, precision—the domino theory. Now, however, it assumes the cloudlike form of "managing Soviet expansion within a stable global framework," or some such phrase. Whatever the terminology, the real problem lies in the loose connection made between U.S. interventions and U.S. security. In fact, since physical and territorial security are *not* the issues, the very meaning of "national security" must be rearticulated through public debate. It is no longer self-evident or compelling. Its meaning has been drained by the long and costly experience of Vietnam, by the Sino-Soviet split, by détente and by overuse. Most significantly, its decline as a convincing public rationale denies policy makers the latitude required to conduct a global policy of direct military intervention.

The administration's basic response, demonstrated most recently in Angola and Chile, has been to conduct a secret foreign policy. Public discussion of important foreign policy decisions has been suppressed precisely because deep divisions were likely to prevent decisive action. Now even that approach is failing. Dissident bureaucrats, Congressmen and committee staff have proved unwilling to conform to a code of secrecy when their own strong preferences, and moral values, are overridden. A primary result is the unprecedented and pervasive leaking of classified material.

Neither the administration nor the Congress has been willing to confront these issues. In the aftermath of Vietnam, Chile and now Angola, there has still not been a fundamental debate over the ends, means and costs of American interventions. Only more of the same. □

Gypsies: Blacks of East Europe

GRATTAN PUXON

Skopje, Yugoslavia

Gypsies are the blacks of Eastern Europe. Or rather, I should say we are where "niggers" were before the decade of civil rights and Black Power agitation. Thirty years of socialism have done nothing to alter the relative position of *cigani,* socially or economically. They are still at the bottom, in fact often beyond the admitted fringes of the so-called classless society. Most inhabit a twilight zone of forgotten ghettos and neglected villages, grossly underprivileged and often underfed.

To be personal for a moment, consider my mother-in-law. In the early stages of the last war, here in Yugoslav Macedonia, she worked as a child char for a Jewish family. When Skopje's Jews were liquidated she joined Tito's partisans. Today her job, which she "shares" with her husband, is in the private sector sweeping stairs at $20 a month. Another 4,000 Gypsy women from our neighborhood do similar chores, bring home a wage that compares with that of blacks in South Africa, have no Social Security and are hired and fired at the will of the white *gadje* (non-Gypsies).

We have been living, incidentally, eleven of us in a three-room quonset barracks building erected as emergency accommodation by U.S. Army engineers after the Skopje earthquake disaster in 1963; recently my wife and I moved into rented rooms. The barracks have become the slum end of the Romani township of Suto Orizari, a community of 35,000 *Roma* on the outskirts of the city.

In America this would be labeled a ghetto, and in some ways it is, especially in its psychology. There is a pervasive inferiority complex, the blight of low racial status. Nevertheless, there are important differences and signs of growth. Before the earthquake, Gypsies occupied squalid hovels in the old quarter of Topana, a district which had existed since earliest Turkish times. Suto Orizari is a modern suburb with a sewer system, where 4,000 families, allocated free plots, have built private houses. The town runs its own council and elects a member to the Macedonian Parliament. Like any other place its size, it has schools, a cinema, football club, dance hall, and so on. On May Day the Romani national flag flies alongside those of Yugoslavia and the Communist Party. As a Gypsy community Suto is unique in the world and has been called half jestingly "the Romani state."

It is certainly in advance of the sizable ghettos at Sliven, Sumen and elsewhere in neighboring Bulgaria; at Kosica in Slovakia and those in the Hungarian province of Novgrad. Two thousand Gypsy-inhabited hamlets are spread across Eastern Hungary. Half of them have no wells and two-thirds are without electricity. Conditions are similar in East Slovakia, where Gypsies constitute 8 per cent of the population, and in some districts as much as 12 per cent. In addition the capital cities, Sofia, Bucharest, Budapest and Belgrade, each contain more than 50,000 Gypsy citizens. Many live in shanty dwellings and dilapidated buildings. And most are employed, if at all, in the menial tasks of cleaning and garbage collection, as unskilled labor, or as domestic help by the new middle class.

In the region of southeast Europe bordered to the north by Slovakia and to the south by Macedonia, there will be in the next decade close to 5 million Gypsies among a total population of 50 million—approximately the ratio as blacks to whites in the United States. Like blacks in the Southern states before civil rights, Gypsies are oppressed by lack of legal status, by malpractices in the administration, and by common prejudice which amounts at times to race hate. There is no Ku Klux Klan and no law-enforced segregation. But there is, on the other hand, the myth that

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in the Socialist countries racial discrimination is unknown. For Gypsies the contrary is a matter of everyday experience. Meaningful social and political power, a monopoly of the *gadje,* is unquestionably out of their reach. And the corollary to the myth is that, except in Yugoslavia, it is taboo to question current attitudes, let alone to organize and agitate for reform. Politics is the prerogative of the Communist Parties and they will do little or nothing about an injustice which does not officially exist.

Yet for all its shortcomings, Marxist socialism ultimately offers us a way forward. If we have courage to speak out. I say this because in socialist Eastern Europe minorities that gain nationality status receive automatically specific constitutionally guaranteed rights, and state aid for their realization. These include the formation of national organizations, issue of publications, time on radio and television, and education in the national language. Many minorities already possess and exercise these rights. They have their limitations and the "guarantees" are not beyond party recall, But they would give *Roma* a starting point from which to tackle the internal and external barriers that are the cause of inequalities.

The Communist Parties at present follow radically different policies toward Gypsies, as toward their respective minorities generally. Only federal Yugoslavia has actually encouraged an emancipation movement among *Roma,* believing this the soundest way to bring about an equilibrium among its numerous peoples. Bulgaria strains to assimilate Gypsies, along with Pirin Macedonians, Turks and others. Romania, Hungary and Czechoslovakia each recognizes as national minorities those groups that have ethnic ties with neighboring states. These *happen* to be white European minorities. All five deny nationality status to Gypsies, who are of Indian origin. Numerically, *Roma* are a larger ethnic group than some of the white minorities, and indeed majority nationalities. Globally, at 8.5 million, Gypsies are equal in number to Bulgarians and vastly exceed Macedonians, Albanians and Slovaks. What, then, is the basis for denial of recognition? It has the hallmark of racism.

Viewed from party headquarters, Gypsies are seen as a *mélange* of good-for-nothing, work-shy scavengers and part-time music makers; a tribe of untouchables outside the proletarian pecking order. In Czechoslovakia, the Marxist theorist Yaroslav Sus describes their way of life as an undesirable combination of "nomadism, tribalism, animism and blood feuds," and the Romani language as a jargon unworthy of preservation. The party line states that, even if Gypsies could be regarded as a national minority, any separate recognition would conflict with "the building of a socialist society." Sus concludes: "Marxism-Leninism links the final solution of the gypsy question with the need to liquidate gypsies as a people."

It is ironic, yet not without significance, that in Lenin's day, and through the prewar years in the Soviet Union, Gypsies received status as a nationality and the realization of their rights as such. Through the initiative of the All-Russian Romani Union, headed by Nikolai Pankov, who died in 1959, there came into existence an authentic Romani national movement. City-dwelling *Roma* in Moscow, Minsk and elsewhere established cooperative workshops based on traditional skills. Twenty-five primary schools, with instruction in the Romani language, were opened. Numerous social clubs and evening classes served the larger communities, while books and journals in *Romanes* were published on a scale never matched since. In rural areas thousands of Gypsies petitioned for free land, and in many cases formed and ran collective farms. The movement vanished with the coming of Stalin and the war. There remains the Moscow Romani Theatre, but since 1939 only one book—a small collection of poems—has been printed in *Romanes.*

Today Lenin's example is ignored and the postwar Socialist countries have, as noted, distorted Marxism to justify repression. Outside Yugoslavia, the Gypsy problem, where it has gained attention at all, has been tackled by heavy-fisted, though piecemeal, attempts at assimilation. Poland, the first to formulate a policy, began in 1952 by offering opportunities for resettlement and schooling. But after 1964 it turned to punitive persuasion. Police pursued and harassed Gypsies for every minor infringement; some of them fled to West Germany and Sweden. Czechoslovakia decreed that no commune should contain more than 5 per cent of Gypsies and attempted to break up the ghettos in East Slovakia. Gypsies were transported to the Czech areas, Moravia and Bohemia. Planners believed that by living in the proximity of civilized Czechs, Gypsies would "improve their ways." Nomadism was outlawed and the country's remaining 30,000 traveling Gypsies put off the roads. Wheels were removed from caravans and in several districts their horses were shot. A handful of Gypsies who persisted in the old habits were imprisoned.

Despite the harsh Czech methods, a few thousand of the migrants benefited from better housing and regular employment, as they have in Bulgaria and Hungary. That program broke down because local authorities flatly refused to have further Gypsies dumped on them. But there was a more fundamental flaw: throughout, the *Roma* had merely been manipulated by social planners, bureaucrats who had little contact with the ghettos and no insight into their deeper problems. Party workers were warned not to fraternize with those Gypsies "who are attempting to make an issue of nationality." They feared trouble, not from patriarchal headmen who might resist innovation but from younger *Roma* who, under the influence of Communist ideology, were *demanding* change. Leaders, like Anton Facuna in Slovakia, were denounced as "bourgeois nationalists" and threatened with prison.

Suddenly came the thaw in Czechoslovakia, and a reversal of policy. The dispersal law was annulled and the question of the constitutional status of Gypsies reviewed. While formal classification as an ethnic group remained unchanged, *Roma* received privileges similar to those of the recognized national minorities. They were permitted to form their own organizations and publish in their language. Thus began another brief flirtation with Romani nationalism. Enlightened party members saw it as a lever for social change among a deeply conservative people.

In those uncertain weeks before the Russian intervention, I went to Bratislava to meet the spokesmen of the

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proposed Slovak Romani Union. Facuna, a municipal architect, and Dr. Jan Cibula, now in exile in Geneva, had got the go-ahead to hold the first Romani national congress in Czechoslovakia. Surprisingly, the intrusion of Russian tanks and Dubcek's fall made no immediate difference. Separate Romani associations were set up in Slovakia and the Czech areas. Within three years their membership reached 20,000 and together they employed a full-time staff of fifty. Workers' syndicates and labor brigades were formed to negotiate contracts and piece work, particularly in the construction industry. Across the country 200 Romani musical groups were created and thirty local football clubs. Several Romani journals and papers appeared, including a color magazine, *Romen*.

While they registered laudable successes through these activities, it soon became evident that the unions were uncovering more problems than they could solve. The full plight of *Roma*, the gap between them and the *gadje* in terms of education, jobs and housing, was now exposed. Simultaneously, expectations rose sharply and Gypsies grew restless over their status and treatment. They wanted, and were ready to press for, swift and radical action. Meanwhile, propelled by a baby boom, the number of Gypsies had rocketed. It passed 350,000 and will reach half a million by 1984.

To meet the rising demands would have cost a lot of money and a modest sharing of power through participation in local government and the admission of *Roma* into the political apparatus. At that point, the party and government balked. It might have been argued, apart from the *ideal* of common welfare, that it was not in the long-term interest of socialism to leave 8 to 10 per cent of the population (in East Slovakia, for example) underdeveloped and underproductive. The party, however, knew that popular feeling, that is of Czechs and Slovaks, was against spending more on "unworthy Gypsies." The upper strata preferred to abandon the Gypsies, drawing on them only as a pool of cheap labor. Class and race self-interest dictated a stop. Other parties and governments have reached the same barrier. They are clearly in the grip of what Lenin called "Great Nation chauvinism," the domination and exploitation of the smaller peoples by the majority nationalities within the same state. No doubt some ruling Marxists perceive the evil and believe the Gypsy anomaly will be dealt with—later.

They should understand that it is having appalling consequences within the Romani communities, already alienated by long neglect. All the symptoms of poverty and low status are evident in the Gypsy ghettos: low aspirations, instability within the family, alcoholism and illness. The affliction of inferior racial caste brings with it the pathology of despair and hatred, including self-hatred. One sees social injustice corroding the human personality, robbing it even of hope. Crowning this is the sinister fact that the *gadje*, inhibited by their disdain and scorn for Gypsies, regard the outcry for a better deal as *revolt*. Yet *Roma* seek only equality and no more than the political rights enjoyed by other national minorities. Theirs is the cry of the have-nots. Moreover, the emerging protest movement, such as it is, represents for *Roma* the single way they can break out of isolation.

Governments habitually postpone or dilute necessary reform as long as a minority remains quiescent. The vocal get attention. In this respect global dispersion can prove an advantage for the Gypsies. The Pan-Romani movement, dating back more than a century, now has outposts in every European country, in the United States, Canada, Australia and India. The lifting of the iron curtain—which for us was locked on both sides—coupled with modern communications, has made it possible for Gypsies to link up internationally. At the same time, the prevalence of national liberation movements and the concept of the Third World have drawn attention to minority struggles and accelerated the pace of political and economic democracy. Gypsies are part of the Third World, albeit half of them are chained within the frontiers of the Socialist countries. We are the back-yard garbage that has been overlooked.

It is a primary objective of the Romani movement to gain nationality status. In Czechoslovakia privileges, but not constitutional rights, were temporarily extended. In Yugoslavia it is argued that, although classified as an ethnic group, *Roma* enjoy the same rights as other nationalities. The term *ethnic group*, however, as Slobodan Berberski, president of the World Romani Congress, has pointed out in the Belgrade press, has no legal standing. As yet there are no Romani language schools, no regular television programs and few Romani publications. Nonetheless, there are some thirty Romani organizations and since 1969 they have spoken with a united voice on major issues. Bulgaria and Romania have not permitted *Roma* to establish national associations. And in 1973 the Czechoslovak Communist Party decided to break up the Romani unions.

Three weeks before the May Day parades in which Gypsies, then mobilized, were preparing to take part in large contingents, an extraordinary plenum session of the Svaz Cikanu-Roma was called in Prague. Party spokesmen tried to bully union leaders into disbanding "voluntarily." Collectively they refused. The statutes of association, it was stated, required a two-thirds majority of a full Congress to dissolve; legally, the delegates present could not decide the issue. Called upon to approve the resolution to disband, only eight of the twenty-nine committee members raised their hands. However, expelled from the National Front, the Romani organizations had already been rendered "illegal."

Fortunately, there was one thing that the Czech party, and others for that matter, could not destroy. At the World Romani Congress, held in London in 1971, delegates from seventeen countries, including Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, had formally demanded for the Romani people recognition as a separate nationality, along with a measure of self-determination. Moreover, the congress authorized its permanent secretariat, the Paris-based Comité International Rom (CIR) to pursue these issues in its name.

The congress divided its program among five commissions, which have since made varying degrees of progress. The commission on social questions, meeting in Freiburg, West Germany, in 1972, urged the implementation of the Council of Europe report on the plight of nomadic Gypsies in Western Europe. On evidence from

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the CIR, the Strasbourg assembly had been told that 600,000 Gypsies in the member states "often suffer discrimination which does not correspond at all to the ideals underlying the European Convention on Human Rights." They lacked schooling and work opportunities, and were frequently denied even a place to live.

The war crimes commission, concerned with the still outstanding question of compensation for the Gypsy victims of the Nazi period, met last year in Budapest. The occasion was the thirtieth anniversary of the liquidation of the Gypsy camp at Auschwitz. Significantly, despite its official sponsorship, the meeting sprang a surprise on the Communist Party. The 200 *Roma* present made an open and clamorous demand for the creation of a national Romani organization in Hungary. Two days later, as a compromise, sanction was given to the formation of the Ciganszovetseg, the Gypsy Council. Headed by writer Menyhert Lakatos, it is a non-elected, consultative body. But for Lakatos it represented a step forward. As late as 1972, he had written: "We have no schools of our own, no newspapers and no organization. We hang onto a belief in our own existence—but perhaps even that is a hallucination."

Gypsies feel particularly bitter about the suppression of their language, especially by the schools. As noted above, in prewar Russia it was used as a teaching medium, and a pedagogical institute was opened to train a cadre of Romani teachers. Today not one Romani school exists in the Socialist countries. Hundreds of thousands of Romani children are handicapped by the obligation to be educated through an alien tongue. It is true that many have a smattering of the language of the *gadje*, whether Hungarian, Bulgarian or Serbian, picked up outside the ghetto. But according to a UNESCO study, the ban on their own language costs them the equivalent of three years' schooling in the eight years of primary school. This retardation shows up clearly in educational achievement. In Slovakia only one in six Gypsy children completes primary school. Fewer than one in 100 goes to secondary school. In Serbia one in sixty reaches junior high school. Relative to their numbers, there ought to be 20,000 university-trained persons among *Roma* in Eastern Europe. In fact, it would be hard to find 2,000. In Yugoslavia more Palestinian than *Roma* students are currently studying in colleges.

The present educational system dumps Gypsies semi-illiterate among the unskilled and the unemployed, making of them an exploited race. Their low status is thus further reinforced and a breakout from isolation becomes manifestly more difficult.

However, another promising factor is the awakening interest of India in the fate of *Roma* in Europe. G.S. Dhillon, Speaker of the Indian Parliament, said in June 1974: "The *Roma* of Europe originally hailed from the Punjab." Prime Minister Gandhi herself has expressed concern. The fact of the Indian origin of Gypsies, known to scholars since the 18th century, may now take on political significance. For the world must recognize that *Roma*, while possessing their own identity, comprise an historic Indian community. Indeed, in *Romanes* they have retained their Indian language. Therefore the rationale for refusing Gypsies nationality status on the ground that they are *not* a national minority is demolished.

There is evident support for the Romani cause in the Indian diplomatic corps. Dr. Gopal Singh, former ambassador to Bulgaria, has become a patron of the Indian Institute of Romani Studies. The current ambassador to Italy, Apa Pant, is patron of the Romani Institute

Romani Girl of Topana, Skopje Halim Memet

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in London. The ambassador to Yugoslavia, P.N. Menon, has paid a visit to Suto Orizari, where he was told that the red *Ashok Chakra* on the Romani flag symbolized a desire for renewed ties with the motherland. An International Roma Festival has just taken place at Chandigarh, Punjab. Although primarily a cultural event, *Roma* marked the occasion by reaffirming, on the territory of their ancient homeland, their demand for recognition. □

COMPANY TOWNS, COMPANY COUNTIES

Absentee Lords of the New South

MARK PINSKY

Aurora, N.C., population 671, is a lot like Mayberry, the fictional setting for TV's *Andy Griffith Show*, except smaller. Main street runs for two blocks through the downtown section, whereupon the paving ends. There is one bank, one food market and one policeman. In Aurora, as in Mayberry, the most exciting pastime is "going on down to Raleigh." Yet the real town is not nearly as idyllic as its fictional counterpart. Aurora has no doctor and no dentist. Twenty per cent of its homes have no telephone, and 15 per cent have no indoor plumbing; most of those without plumbing are in the black section of town, where few of the streets are paved.

The thing that distinguishes Aurora from the dozens of dreary, dying crossroads towns that dot eastern North Carolina is that it is sitting on top of one of the world's richest phosphate deposits. Over the past twenty years it has attracted the attention of a *Who's Who* of mining multinationals, including Kennecott Copper, International Nickel, U.S. Steel, and Texas Gulf Sulphur. Because of this geological accident, Aurora is in the midst of a fierce battle with Texas Gulf. The town believes its only hope for a future lies in forcing the company to come to its aid.

There is more than a little irony in Aurora's sustained struggle to become a modern-day company town, inasmuch as it is already part of a "company county" and of an area that is rapidly becoming dominated by multinationals. Beaufort County, where Aurora is located, covers 530,000 acres. Texas Gulf and two other large mining operations, North Carolina Phosphate Company and the FMC Corporation, own 75,000 of these acres. The Weyerhaeuser Company raises pulpwood on an additional 165,000 acres, meaning that more than 45 per cent of the county's land is in the hands of four corporations, all controlled from outside the state. The Weyerhaeuser Company is the largest private landholder in North Carolina, with 700,000 acres, and the second largest employer in the eastern part of the state. In Beaufort County itself, Texas Gulf, with 1,200 employees, dominates the job market.

Although the ownership mix varies from county to county, the effect is the same in all of them. In Tyrell County more than half the county's 254,000 acres are owned by Weyerhaeuser and the huge First Colony Farms, the mortgage on which is held by the John Hancock Insurance Company. First Colony, with 382,000 acres, spills into three other "east Carolina" counties, including Dare, where it owns 75 per cent of the 247,000 acres. (Most of Dare's remaining land is in the Cape Hatteras National Seashore.)

At this point one in every 5 acres of land in the forty-four counties of east Carolina—3.5 million acres in all—is in the hands of these large landowners. Given the trends in land acquisition and industrial development, it is reasonable to predict that by the year 2000 the area will be controlled by four corporate farms, three mining companies, two timber companies and the federal government (parks and military installations).

In many ways east Carolina is like an underdeveloped nation of the Third World—rich, fertile farmland held in large tracts, valuable mineral deposits, sparse population, few towns, a relatively low standard of living, and a severe shortage of medical and social services. It is not surprising, then, to see emerging there classic patterns of colonial exploitation, mainly by government, multinationals and the military (there are 100,000 active duty personnel based in the area and half a dozen practice bombing runs, artillery ranges and amphibious landing zones). Perhaps the principal difference between east Carolina and the Third World countries is that in the former there is no danger of nationalization or expropriation.

Consider the case of Hyde County, N.C., across the Pamlico River from Aurora. Half of the land is now owned by First Colony Farms, Weyerhaeuser, American Cyanamid and John Hancock, which together operate a 35,000-acre farm called Matamuskeet. The population of the county is less than 10,000—smaller than it was in 1870—and the county budget is less than $1 million. Not even the county seat is an incorporated town; there is one doctor and no dentist. Forty per cent of the residents have no car and no telephone; 37 per cent are without plumbing. The median education is ninth grade, and 29 per cent of the residents have an income of less than $3,000 per year.

More than 40 per cent of Hyde County's population is black; most of these blacks are subsistence farmers, and the black exodus is pronounced, as it is throughout eastern North Carolina. The blacks are steadily losing their land, and not only in North Carolina. Prof. Lester Salamon of Duke University writes in a recent study financed by the federal government that "if this rate were to continue, there would be no black-owned land in these fourteen [Southeastern] states by the year 2000."

The large landholders of Hyde and the other company

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counties—the corporate farmers, the corporate foresters, the miners and the military—have one thing in common: except at their centers of production, they are not "labor-intensive" industries. They don't need people. The more people who move into a county (or simply wish to stay on), the more revenue for services the county must exact from those industries or landholders best able to provide the funds. Agricultural and commercial forest land are already taxed at the lowest-rated categories in most counties, and the only people who know the real value of the forests work for the pulp companies. In addition, the more newcomers who move their homes and businesses into and around the farms and forests, the more likely they are to force the zoning (and thus tax rates) up to residential and commercial categories.

Since North Carolina does not levy a severance tax on depletable raw materials, mining companies like Texas Gulf do not pay for what they take out of the ground, never to replace—a state of affairs they very much want to have continued. Federal land is tax-exempt and Congress gives every sign of getting ready to cut off aid to impacted military areas.

So the big landholders don't want counties like Hyde to grow, or even survive. Sometimes, just by refusing to die, towns like Aurora get in the landholders' way.

Fifteen million years ago, when coastal North Carolina was still under water, hundreds of millions of tons of calcium phosphate were deposited over 75,000 of its acres. In 1965, Texas Gulf Sulphur, a Canadian-controlled mining company with assets of more than $1 billion, bought or leased thousands of these acres near Aurora. Texas Gulf commissioned another rising multinational, the Brown and Root Construction Company, to build one of the world's largest phosphate mines and processing plants 3 miles from town, on the south bank of the Pamlico. The initial cost of the facility, known as Lee Creek plant, was $100 million, and since then another $100 million worth of expansion has been added.

Texas Gulf is betting heavily on a continually expanding world food market, which will require large amounts of chemical fertilizer, the main product of the Lee Creek plant. By 2000, as the main U.S. deposits in Florida begin to run low, the company estimates that it will be taking 18 million tons of phosphate concentrate per year from the facility. The Beaufort County deposit is so rich and—what is more important—so conveniently close to the surface of the earth that it has proved irresistible to other mining companies. A year ago North Carolina Phosphate, owned by such worldwide giants as Kennecott and Agrico, began buying up the remaining acreage in the county. Last fall the company announced plans for a $220-million facility, to be constructed by Brown and Root, up river from Lee Creek. From across the broad, shallow Pamlico, yet another $1 billion international chemical company, FMC, is watching this increased activity with interest; FMC too has extensive holdings which include phosphate deposits lying somewhat deeper underground.

This second land rush, in and around Aurora, has caused the town to have second thoughts about the prospects of turning what used to be known as the "potato capital of the world" into the phosphate center of the United States. Many of these second thoughts involve money. Farmers who sold land to Texas Gulf a decade ago, for what they thought were considerable sums, are now wondering how much more they might have been able to make had they waited until the arrival of North Carolina Phosphate turned the affair into a three-way land rush. Others have more substantive complaints against Texas Gulf.

"They said we were going to have our cake and eat it too," says David Thompson, a farmer and feed-store operator. "Well, now they've taken away the cake." What Thompson means is that he and other farmers sold their land to Texas Gulf with the understanding (sometimes written into the contract, sometimes not) that the original owners or their heirs could lease the land back for farming and renew the leases until the land was needed by Texas Gulf. Presumably that meant needed for mining, which at the predicted rate and pattern of pit mining meant up to 200 years. But company officials in New York, learning of the corporate super-farms across the river, totaling more than 500,000 acres, thought that Texas Gulf's financial statement might look a lot healthier if it began some large-scale farming of its own. So a number of leases were not renewed and the company went into the farming business.

"If they keep moving in on me, I'm going to get squeezed out," says Hiram Paul, who farms 45 acres. "As far as the farmer goes, they haven't done anything but slit his throat." Another farmer, Andrew Best, evicted from 17 acres he leased from Texas Gulf, predicted, "If they take all the land they own there won't be anything left for us to tend."

Farming on such a large scale, Texas Gulf could cut costs by buying feed and equipment direct from the producer, so local merchants have also been hurt. The farmers observe that if the company were as economical in its actual farming as it has been in its purchasing it would be a lot better off.

The change in Texas Gulf's land-use policy kindled the community's concern over possible effects on the environment. The mining operation includes rectangular pits, half a mile long and 100 feet deep, which are refilled when they have been exhausted. This deep-pit mining lowered the water table and caused numerous wells to go dry. The company redrills most of them, by agreement, but the inconvenience to individual residents is considerable. Fishing in the sound and estuary areas of coastal North Carolina is an important industry, and the delicate salt and fresh water balance can be irreparably damaged by the infusion of chemical wastes, hot water or merely fresh water. Texas Gulf uses the Pamlico River for measured discharges of hot and fresh water, and has a large enclosed pond for settling chemical wastes. The company has been cited by the state for polluting the waters through the runoff of fertilizer from fields it is cultivating, and that heightens local fears about the other corporate super-farms that front on the water.

There is also a more generalized hostility toward Texas Gulf. When it first came to Aurora, rosy predictions were made about how much the town would grow and prosper in the decades to come: 10,000 people in ten years, new

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buildings, schools, shopping centers, housing developments, and so on. To date, none of this has materialized. Most of the company employees live and shop 30 miles away, in the larger towns of Washington and New Bern. There have been forty good, new jobs for Aurora high school graduates who ordinarily would have had to head north for jobs, but that is the only tangible economic gain the locals have seen.

Other large landowners in eastern North Carolina routinely pump hundreds of thousands of dollars per year into the towns and school systems nearest their production facilities. Weyerhaeuser and the Department of Defense, for example, make these payments in the form of direct cash subsidies and various services. Texas Gulf runs a $13-million yearly payroll and pays $300,000 in taxes to Beaufort, but it provides less than $10,000 a year in combined cash and services to Aurora, according to Lee Creek plant supervisor Jack Paden. (One of the most frequently cited examples of philanthropy was Texas Gulf's purchase of 25 acres between the high school and elementary school, and leasing them back to the Board of Education for a nominal fee.)

What set the town of Aurora and the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company irrevocably on a collision course was the North Carolina Coastal Area Management Act, an extensive state land-use plan. According to its provisions, each municipality in eastern North Carolina must draw up a plan for long-term growth. This requirement, coupled with the prospect that the town's disappointing experience with Texas Gulf was about to be repeated with the North Carolina Phosphate Company, prompted Aurora's Mayor Grace Bonner to look for outside help.

She found it in the person of a young professor and twelve graduate students from North Carolina State University's School of Design. The team, funded by a federal grant which Aurora matched in part, moved into the town in the early summer of 1975 for a six-week stay. Texas Gulf welcomed the researchers, allowing them to spend three days at the plant's personnel office to test employee attitudes toward the town. The company balked, however, when the researchers requested details about its holding of properties in and around the town; perhaps it realized that the team was—in the words of one of its members—more than just "a bunch of students who would go away in a few weeks."

The four-volume university study, released in the fall of 1975, outlined three alternatives for the town's future: relocate Aurora, abandon it, or develop greater control over the growth of the area. When Dr. Randy Hester, the professor on the team, described the third alternative, city officials beamed and company officials blanched. Hester explained that under state law a town of Aurora's size was permitted to engage in "extraterritorial zoning," that is, to expand its area a mile in all directions. With this expansion, which in the case of Aurora would mean going from a square mile to 8 square miles, would come the authority to zone the area for use. Texas Gulf owns approximately 4,000 acres in what would be the expanded area. By enacting a simple zoning ordinance, Hester concluded, the town of Aurora would have the power to determine which of Texas Gulf's acres could be mined, as well as how they could be mined, especially with regard to levels of noise and air pollution inside the city's new limits.

A furious war of words has ensued, with the company officials threatening to strip mine the land it already owns in the center of Aurora and dismissing the whole affair as "bad relations with a handful of people." Mayor Bonner and Professor Hester said hostile things about the company to a wire service reporter, emphasizing the David and Goliath angle of the dispute, and the story was picked up by *Newsweek*. Declared the Mayor, a first-term Democrat: "Every indication is that they [Texas Gulf] wish the town. . . would disappear." She said the company was engaged in an economic boycott of the town, particularly of a block of apartments owned by her husband and a supply company owned by another leader in the planning efforts. Hester called the affair a "classic story of the small town versus the monster industry."

When the Aurora plan—as required by law—was presented to the Beaufort County planning board for incorporation into the county plan, board Chairman John Hird, a supervisor at Texas Gulf, angrily refused to accept it. The company has threatened to prevent implementation of the zoning ordinance both by testing the statute's legality in the courts and by having the state declare the phosphate deposits a "unique national resource," and thus exempt from the provisions of the ordinance.

Cast in the middle of this mess is Whit Morrow, a wry young man with a Harvard MBA who directs the regional office of North Carolina's Department of Natural and Economic Resources. His task—to keep the situation from disintegrating completely—is complicated by recent charges of pro-business bias against the Republican state administration in which he serves. Morrow admitted that "Texas Gulf has put the squeeze on the town in the past three months," but at the same time calls Aurora "a very unsophisticated town." He has warned that "it could really get ugly" if no compromise is worked out.

It is simplistic to see this controversy as one between poor and rich, weak and mighty. The poor and weak will feel the consequences, but many of the people fighting for Aurora have already made a considerable amount of money from Texas Gulf: farmers, suppliers, real estate developers, builders, promoters; some have made or are making more than the company executives who oppose them. If Texas Gulf and North Carolina Phosphate are brought to heel, and compelled to invest heavily in the future of Aurora, some town leaders stand to make a great deal more money over the years to come. None of which, taken all together, compares with the wealth that the two mining companies expect to take out of the county. And such neutral observers as Whit Morrow concede that Aurora's partisans are powered more by interest in civic survival than by cynical opportunism.

Where large sums of money are involved, there is always the possibility of compromise. In all likelihood, the dispute will be settled between lawyers and other representatives of the two sides, sitting at a table loaded with maps and plats, deciding how many of the 4,000 acres can be mined by Texas Gulf, and in what manner. In exchange, the company will make some kind of concrete, long-term commitment of aid to expand and preserve the town. As a company town. □

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A WHAT-THE-HELL FLING

FRANK CHURCH JOINS THE PACK

GEORGE LARDNER Jr.

Frank Church has a quick answer for those who wonder why in the world he decided to go ahead and run for President at this late date. He resorts to the comic-strip Senator Snort who intoned in one cartoon: "And furthermore, folks, by withholding my formal announcement for the Presidency this long, I have saved the taxpayers thousands of dollars in Secret Service fees alone."

Senator Church, of course, thinks he has more to offer than Senator Snort, but there are those, even among his friends, who wonder whether any beyond an embarrassingly small number will bother to find out. Church looks more like a choirboy than a river-boat gambler, but here he is, seemingly betting everything on drawing to an inside straight.

He knows it's a long shot, but the key to his candidacy may lie in the fact that he seems perfectly content to defy the odds. For the senior Senator from Idaho, 1976 is an ideal time for a what-the-hell fling. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1974. All he need do to become chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the high point for his idol William Borah, is sit still until 1978 when John Sparkman is likely to bow out. But he doesn't even have to sit still. He can run for President, fall flat on his face and, come 1979, still be made chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. That's the best Borah could do.

Neither Church nor his staff makes any bones about his White House chances. Press Secretary Bill Hall, who puts the odds at about 15 to 1, says there are two parts to the Church campaign: "One is that the other candidates have to fall apart. And the second is that we have to pick up the ball and run." Church has plunged in zestfully, with the eagerness of a man who has restrained his ambitions—and his backers—for more than a year, while he took on the chairmanship of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. In a variation of the anti-Washington theme that seems to be working so well for the other candidates, Church emphasizes his twenty years in the Senate, but also his position as a Westerner and an incurable maverick who has no patience with "cocktail-party liberalism."

Whereas Jimmy Carter presents his "I'm not from Washington" credentials, Church tells his audiences that he "would not presume to run for President without the twenty years of training" that the voters of Idaho have enabled him to accumulate. "When it comes to dealing with a hundred foreign governments, or negotiating with Russia or China in this dangerous world," Church says, "I suggest to you that the Presidency is no place for on-the-job training."

Whereas Carter stresses the need for a strong President, Church tells jokes about the White House in the Nixon days when trumpeters with decorative flags used to herald the Presidential entrance. "I didn't know whether to genuflect or kiss his ring," Church quips.

Pierotti

A memorable phrase maker with a finely tuned sense of humor and an intellect to match, Church for months curbed his style with self-enforced caution during repeated press conferences on the CIA and other sensitive issues. But now that his belated campaign has started, his advisers say, Church has been letting himself go with impressive effects. At a cocktail party in Los Angeles for the entertainment set, Hall remembers, Church stood up on a chair and began belting out ideas until applause resounded through the room. Most of those who came were "90 per cent committed" to other candidates, but at the end, Hall said, there was a big rush for Church buttons.

"Milton Berle ripped one right off me," Hall says happily. "The bartender asked for one. I'm sure a lot of it was just temporary enthusiasm, but it might begin to stick. . . . Right after he spoke at the University of Denver, on that same trip, about sixty students who were in the audience signed up to work for him. . . . I'm sure the Carter people are confident right now, but I think they may be starting to have some troubling thoughts. We're an irritation, we're nagging at them a little. . . ."

Perhaps Church's biggest liability is the fact that he is a "nice guy"—too nice, many believe, to be elected President. Some Washington cynics say that he doesn't have sharp enough elbows, that he lacks the naked ambition necessary to push everyone else out of the way.

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Church's response, while not altogether satisfactory, is to come back with a question. Where, he demands, were the "tough guys" when it came time to investigate the CIA and the FBI, to uncover the bribery and corruption of the multinational corporations, to stand up to President Johnson on the war in Vietnam?

Church's announcement for the Democratic Presidential nomination did not come formally and finally until March 18, when the 51-year-old Senator solemnly professed his intentions from the steps of the wooden courthouse in Idaho City, an old gold-mining town where his father was born. He cited his early opposition to the war in Vietnam (from 1964 on), his investigation of the CIA, his work for senior citizens as chairman of the Senate Committee on Aging, and other assorted accomplishments.

But all this still seemed to be overlooking the fact that the former Governor of Georgia, Jimmy Carter, had already won four of the first five Democratic Presidential primaries and was well on the way to winning his fifth, in North Carolina. Carter expects to have about 1,000 delegates behind him when the Democratic National Convention opens in New York in mid-July. Church's boosters say they're hoping for 250 to 350 and that's counting a lot of hopes. Some of the more tough-minded counters in his camp doubt that he can expect much more than 200. (The magic number for nomination is 1,505.)

Church is not dismayed. "If, and I know it's a very big if, I could win some of the later primaries," he says, "it might be regarded as a remarkable upset. It might even get me on the front covers of *Newsweek* or *Time*, or even both. I wouldn't begin to have the votes of enough delegates, but the other candidates might not either. Then everyone will start facing the question of who has the best chance [in the fall]. I think there'll be a strong feeling that we should have a new face, a new leader."

That scenario became far less plausible when Gov. Jerry Brown made his surprise "native son" entry into the race. California was the one big state (280 delegates) where Church had been planning to score heavily and thus establish himself as a fresh face who had to be taken seriously at convention time. To the chagrin of some friends, Church insisted a week later on announcing his candidacy anyway.

"He just waited too long," says one acquaintance. "But he very much wanted to be chairman of the CIA committee. He almost knocked down Mansfield's door to get it. He thought the investigation would be all done by the end of the year. Then things started happening over which he had no control—like Brown in California. I think his friends and admirers are hoping he can get out of this gracefully. I think he's just got to take a licking and get out."

Church and his top aides cheerfully agree that they have to win quickly to make any headway at all. They also leave the impression that he won't hesitate to drop out if success is not forthcoming. Church could even quit before then if Rep. Morris Udall (D., Ariz.), who has worked so hard to establish himself as *the* liberal candidate, should startle everyone by winning big in Wisconsin. At the least, Church aides say, this would cause him to "reassess" his candidacy.

Udall himself has expressed fond hopes along that line. He likened himself on a recent edition of ABC's *Issues and Answers* to an embattled tag team wrestler who was just starting to get a second wind for the likes of Jimmy Carter and Scoop Jackson when "here comes a guy fresh from Idaho, coming into the ring." You could almost see Mo's shoulders sag.

Church is expected to make his first full-fledged bid for delegates in the Nebraska primary, May 11, where the indefatigable Carter campaign has also been busy. After that, Church will concentrate on Rhode Island, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and California. He might also campaign in Ohio and New Jersey.

For Church, getting off to a fast start means beating Carter and all other comers in Nebraska, or coming mighty close. "I might be able to survive a good showing [in Nebraska]," Church says, "but I would need to go quickly from there to a victory and then another victory. If I'm able to do that, though, then I think all bets are off. There's a big potential constituency out there that I don't think anybody's been able to reach yet."

The Church campaign is working out of the same building on Capitol Hill where Sen. George McGovern began his 1972 drive. The manager is Carl Burke, a gregarious Boise lawyer who went to high school with Church and has been running his campaigns ever since. "It's all Idaho and a mile wide—or an inch wide, I don't know which," complains one Washingtonian who knows Church well. "There's no cosmopolitanism."

But there is good cheer, especially with an estimated $600,000 campaign treasury (including federal matching funds) available when announcement day came. "By the end of April," Burke says with a grin, "I'll predict everybody's going to be in debt but us."

A painfully honest man even though, unlike Carter, he refuses to display virtue on his sleeve, Church acknowledges that he would even take the Vice Presidential nomination. He says he has no illusions about that thankless job but, after all, even the tough Majority Leader of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson, could not turn Jack Kennedy down when the summons came.

"I'm just trying to be honest with people," Church says, to the dismay of his aides. Barring the Presidential prize, "my own preference is to remain in the Senate. But anybody who says 'no,' he wouldn't take the Vice Presidency under any circumstances, is usually just fooling the people. . . . After twenty years in this city, I want to see some changes, changes that would shake up City Hall. . . . For me, it would depend on who the nominee is and whether I felt my presence on the ticket would really help it to win. . . ."

The gleam in Church's eye, however, is Presidential. Carter could rub it out by running so well in the primaries yet to come that all the other Democrats will fold their tents. But none of the former Georgia governor's remaining rivals seems to think it will turn out that way. The Church camp envisions some exhausting convention balloting that will eventually cancel out both Carter and Humphrey.

"I know the odds are great, but they're worth taking," Church said recently. "If I lose, I lose. But if I win, everyone will say, 'well, only Frank Church was smart enough to figure it all out.' " □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Ludell: *Beyond* Native Son

LUDELL. *By Brenda Wilkinson. Harper & Row. 170 pp. $5.95.*

ADDISON GAYLE

Brenda Wilkinson's novel is a remarkable accomplishment and bears comparison with an earlier novel—it too a remarkable accomplishment—*Native Son.* I make the comparison despite the fact that Richard Wright, the author of *Native Son,* is a literary legend, a writer tested in three genres, whose reputation was forged in the political, social and literary hell of America during the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s, while Ms. Wilkinson, on the other hand is not yet into her 30s, has written only a few poems, one short story, and now her first novel.

Still, there are comparisons to be drawn between the older and the younger writer, and the age difference between them may account for the fact that *Ludell* seems an extension of *Native Son* rather than an antithesis of it. Both writers were transplanted Southerners—Wright from Mississippi, Wilkinson from Georgia. Both write in the naturalistic idiom, though Wilkinson has the better eye for detail and is more proficient in handling dialogue. In their first fictional offerings, both writers demonstrated awareness of the varied tensions prevalent in the black community, and both sought to explicate the lives of those who lived there, with equal candor and sincerity. More important, both writers arrived on the literary scene at a time when the black novel seemed to have lost its moorings, when competing philosophies regarding its function had led to the kind of internecine warfare among black novelists and critics that marred the achievements of the writers of the Harlem Renaissance.

During the Harlem Renaissance, the period of black creativity between 1922—the publication of Claude McKay's *Harlem Shadows* and 1940, the publication date of *Native Son*—the black novel reached maturity in terms of structure, form and acceptance on the part of readers. Not surprisingly, therefore, the serious critical debate concerning the nature and function of black literature in general, began in earnest.

The novel, as viewed by the old guard (James Weldon Johnson, W.E.B. Du Bois, Jesse Fauset and Alaine Locke) functioned primarily as the uplift vehicle of the black middle class; in portraying artificial, near-white characters who possessed the mannerisms, language and status of the men and women of the novels of Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope and Henry James, the old guard sought to inform white America that assimilationism had worked for some, though not all, blacks. "The party line" was pronounced in Ms. Fauset's introduction to her novel, *The Chinaberry Tree*: "But of course there are breathing spells, in between spaces where colored men and women work and love and go their ways with no thought of the [race] problem. . . . What are they like then? So few of the other Americans know. . . ." The question, "What are they like then?" leads to a description of characters now legion in the lexicon of the black middle class: the professional man, the upward-bound striver, the socialite and the patriot, differing in no major essentials from other Americans, for they are simply "dark American[s] who wear [their] joy and rue very much as does the white American . . . it is the same joy and rue."

Such assimilationist pronouncements came under attack from the younger members of the Harlem Renaissance (Rudolph Fisher, Claude McKay and Langston Hughes) and Hughes pinpoints the thought of his colleagues in his celebrated article, "The Negro Writer and the Racial Mountain": ". . . there is for the American Negro artist who can escape the restrictions the more advanced among his own group would put upon him, a great field of unused material ready for his art. Without going outside his race . . . there is sufficient matter to furnish a black artist with a lifetime of creative work. . . . But to my mind, it is the duty of the younger Negro artist . . . to change through the force of his art that old whispering 'I want to be white' hidden in the aspirations of his people, to 'Why should I want to be white? I am a Negro—and beautiful.' "

By 1940, the views of the younger writers were ascendant, the novel had begun explication of the lives of those whom Hughes labeled, "the low-down folk." In this accomplishment, however, the younger writers midwifed a litter of new stereotypes: the romanticized pimp, the forlorn prostitute, the ostentatious "sweetman" and the social parasite. Whether such characters were an improvement over those offered in the literature of the old guard is open to conjecture; spurred on, however, by such novels as *Nigger Heaven, Not Without Laughter, The Walls Of Jericho* and *Home To Harlem,* those who would have the black novel function as an instrument for entertainment, escapism and naive romanticism succeeded very well.

But neither school realistically confronted the black community. The old guard only succeeded in perpetuating the ideal of assimilationism, deeming human worth measurable solely according to criteria established by white Americans. The younger writers were only successful in giving visibility to and romanticizing the least desirable elements in the black community; without intending to do so they suggested that hustling, parasitism and exoticism were major characteristics of a black way of life. For older and younger writer alike, the hulking, demonic figure of Bigger Thomas, the black Frankenstein monster, was buried deep in the literary subconscious, relegated to eternal darkness and invisibility.

The publication of *Native Son* ended the debate among the Harlem Renaissance writers by redefining the function and nature of the black novel. The entrance of Bigger Thomas onto the literary stage demolished the stereotypes of both schools, though those offered in the writings of the younger members, with seemingly indestructible resilience, would reappear in the 1950s in such books as *Manchild in the Promised Land* and *Another Country,* and would stake out new territory in black movies and television shows. Devoted more to the realities of black life than its predecessors, *Native Son* depicted men and women trapped in the hell of racism and deprivation; it portrayed a sensitive young man, neither exotic nor parasitic, who craved not the supposed joy of jazz or Harlem night spots, but the opportunity to move freely in a world which appeared to him as one long elevator shaft—the place, where, ironically enough, he throws the dead body of his

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second victim, the black Bessie Mears.

That *Native Son* marked a significant break with the traditional form and theme of the black novel is evidenced by the caliber of the men and women who began to model their own fiction after Wright's accomplishment. The old guard of the Harlem Renaissance had found their paradigms in the works of Carl Van Vechten, Gertrude Stein and Jean Toomer. William Attaway, Ann Petry, Chester Himes and William Gardner Smith, who comprised the Richard Wright school of writers, followed their leader into paths charted by Theodore Dreiser, Hart Crane and Feodor Dostoevsky. In their novels, the Dostoevskian man came to represent an important dimension of black life. Their canvases were painted in dark gray colors, and upon their landscapes men walked in hatred and rage, immobilized by an inability to stamp their humanity upon a racist society.

There are arguments to be lodged against the Wright school. Among the most important is that they were unable to conceive of "reality" as constantly shifting, changing dramatically from one generation to another; Wright's last novel, *The Long Dream,* retains, still, the vision of black life lived during the most terrible period of the holocaust. Indeed, Wright and his followers seemed ignorant of that tradition of which James Baldwin spoke so eloquently: ". . . the fact is not that the Negro has no tradition but that there has as yet arrived no sensibility succinctly profound and tough enough to make this tradition articulate. . . ."

The members of the Wright school, however, were moral warriors who believed that the novel should function as an instrument for improving the human condition. Ralph Ellison's statement concerning his own novel, ". . . If a moral or perception is needed, let them [the readers] supply their own. For me, of course, the narrative is the meaning," was met with derision, probably by Wright and, as we know from *Amistad I,* by Chester Himes. For here, and more explicitly in his other critical works, Ellison makes concessions to the academic proponents of an "art for art's sake" theology, notwithstanding the fact that nothing in the lives of black people suggests that their writers should dedicate themselves to such specious theories. Such a dedication would mean that the black writer had leaped outside the history of the society in which he lives.

Invisible Man, therefore, fails to become the model for the post-Wright generation of black writers, for such novelists as John A. Williams, John Killens and Louise Merriwether. For it depicts the black man alone, a character more Kafkaesque than Dostoevskian, existing in a world exemplified more by the paintings of Jackson Pollock than by the writings of Theodore Dreiser. In such a universe the terror of modern man becomes "universal," not specific, and the lives of black people are threatened by demons more omnipresent than those of American racism.

The truth of the matter, however, is not that racism has become less threatening, but that black people, like the post-Wright school of black writers, have come to accept it as one of the eternal givens of American society. Such acceptance mandated that the black writer redirect the search for identity away from the computerized mechanistic culture of the West and toward the culture peopled by those whom Frantz Fanon labeled "the wretched of the earth." After the abortive push for equal rights in the 1960s, the return of white liberals to support of the *status quo,* the acceptance of the Nixon-Agnew formula for re-establishing the past pattern of black-white relationships, it was clear to the younger writers of sensibility that the black novel could achieve universality only by depicting the style of life, the heroism and the courage of those who remained outside the American nightmare and were able, therefore, to offer 200 years of fateful encounters within the Diaspora as models for that three-quarters of the world that is neither white nor Western.

But the failure of the civil rights struggle in the 1960s left a legacy of despair, now being articulated by some of the most promising black novelists. Unable to surrender the quixotic dream of an egalitarian America, and more apt to blame the failures of the 1960s upon black people themselves rather than upon the white majority, they have produced works which re-create the stereotypes of old and depict a universe in which the major antagonists are black men and black women. These novels, *Sula, The Last Days of Louisiana Red* and *Corregidora* are, basically, unhealthy works, suggesting the inability of the authors to accept their own identity and their own humanity.

The attempt to establish a new tradition in black fiction based upon such narcissistic offerings, therefore, makes Brenda Wilkinson's novel, *Ludell,* of immediate importance. The novel negates the mythology accepted by the writers of the Harlem Renaissance that black life is artificial or sterile, sensationalistic or atavistic. It argues fervently against the assimilationist contentions of the post-Wright school, that blacks have imbibed the worst characteristics of that West in which they have dwelled for so long.

Like Wright's short story, "Big Boy Leaves Home," *Ludell* is primarily a novel about children. These young innocents, existing in the South, the first African-American home away from home, are such because they have not yet become inoculated with the values of the West. Theirs is an innocence much like that whispered in the poetry of

REVENANT

The sidewalk is plowed
but banked with hard snow
stamped with black footprints.
She passes the familiar
Dutch Tavern, the Senate House,
closed to the public today,
but pauses uncertain
before the Tea Garden
full of noisy families
and a baby eating noodles.
A white banner flies
a happy message in red.
Only the baby looks real.

Stepping into shadow,
she blows a breath cloud
around the stone wall of her home
on Maiden Lane, a visible dream
restored to Huguenot purity.
No one but she remembers now,
the sharp pain, her child born,
behind weary windows
lit with tallow.
Not open today.
She is separated from life
by a myriad of moments.

Weeping a ghost's dry tears,
she spills pure salt
on her gown fresh as grass.
'You'll catch your death,'
she hears from a passing soul.
Pulling her shawl tight
she heads back
pierced through with cold.

The Reformed Church is
still taller than the elms,
the beech, the ragged blue spruce.
She feels the roots
rippling the flattened mounds,
and her name fading into granite.
The January sunset fires the air
like a brass cymbal
shimmering in silence.

Barbara Adams

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Claude McKay and Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar, unsullied by too close association with the white world outside. But, too, the universe of this novel is alive with innocence, which emanates from the community even in the persons of the stern schoolmistresses, and it is highlighted by the love and care that each black person exhibits toward the other —characteristics of black life from the days of slavery until the present time.

Here, as John Killens, Louise Merriwether and George Caine realized, is the *sine qua non* of the black tradition, the determining mark of black heroes and heroines from Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman to Fannie Lou Hamer and Martin Luther King, and it is such characteristics, love and caring, that form the organizing principle of *Ludell*. As is traditional in the black community, the grandmother in this novel steps in to care for the young child, when the child's mother joins the migration heading north. Here, in this Southern land of so much pain and misery, containing a heritage for black people of so much brutality, black families love and care for one another, support one another, encourage one another, give sustenance one to another. In the person of Mis Hattie, tough field boss of an itinerant cotton crew, love and caring is elevated to an all-encompassing metaphor. When Ludell, a member of the work crew, becomes ill and is unable to pick her day's quota of cotton, Mis Hattie ". . . suggested that everybody give her some cotton, since she'd taken sick—and they all had, but no one was supposed to mention it."

Such incidents, as Wilkinson knows, are neither rare nor confined only to the South. They are daily occurrences among black people and comprise those many unsung episodes which render facile and self-serving the works of those who would use the black novel as a vehicle for resolving their personal conflicts and who seek to paint the black world in the time-sanctioned stereotypes of hatred, unmitigated rage and brutality. Such novels have received a hearing in the past few years only because they appeal to the sensibility of white liberals and the black middle class, groups who are largely incapable of fathoming the depths of the currents running strong and swift within the black community. *Ludell*, a novel of substance, suggests that their short-lived vogue, among black people, is ended, and that the black novel will return to an explication of the ethics and values which have assured black survival in this society.

The black writer, Richard Wright wrote more than thirty years ago, must create "those values by which his people are to live and die." The word, "create" obscures this important definition of the function of black literature. Far more to the point, the job of the black writer is to articulate those values, germane to the success of a people in forestalling the final *Götterdämmerung*, and among them has been a communal love and caring unsurpassed and unparalleled by other racial groups in American society. The function of the novel, then, is to return to the values of racial compassion and concern as defined in the fiction of the pre-Harlem Renaissance writers, in the works of Martin Delaney and Sutton Griggs, and in this respect *Ludell* is an important contribution. For this novel reminds those in the black community—who need reminding—that the Sulas and Corregidoras, the Superflys and the Melindas, are images of men and women who live in large measure, not in the black community but in the fitful, fanciful imaginations of those who after so many years regard themselves, still, as the bastard children of the West. □

Local Control & Self-Management

SELF-GOVERNING SOCIALISM, a Reader. *Edited by Branko Horvat, Mihailo Markovic, and Rudi Supek; Helen Kramer, assistant editor. International Arts and Sciences Press. Vol. I: 490 pp. $21.50. Paper $9.95. Vol. II: 327 pp. $18.50. Paper $8.95.*

PAUL BERMAN

In the last depression, most American socialists could agree that socialism meant state ownership and centralized planning for the benefit of the working class. They might argue whether this state socialism was to be democratic or dictatorial but there was little disagreement about the need for a strong state. Today there is no such consensus. Workers' self-management, decentralization of power, community control and individual participation—all these ideas popular among a good proportion of modern socialists represent a considerable shift of opinion away from the traditional statist concept of socialism. Often as not, this shift of opinion is unarticulated or formless, tacked to the older state idea as an afterthought, as if there were no contradiction. Yet the formlessness of this new tendency—it does not even have a name—only emphasizes how broadly diffused it is, from Left to Right among younger socialists, and at all levels of sophistication.

All this interest in local control and self-management is of course a world tendency, if one can link together various Eastern European and Western faces of the New Left, some recent past experiments in Peru and Chile, the (now eclipsed) Portuguese idea of popular democracy, the labor urge for workers' control in much of Europe, the quasi-syndicalism of one wing of the French Socialist Party . . . and on and on. "There is a growing awareness," observe the Yugoslav editors of this important anthology, "that self-management is not just one among alternative roads to and models of socialism, but a defining characteristic of the new classless non-authoritarian society." Self-governing socialism, they argue, can take a thousand shapes and be instituted in as many ways—but no matter what version it follows, it is unmistakably distinct not only from capitalism (which has always been the measuring stick for socialism) but also from bureaucratic state socialism (which must also be a measuring stick). Their reader spells this out.

State socialism does not lack social achievements, the editors insist; it is the theory and practice of industrializing rural countries, and may be said to lay the groundwork for socialist development where capitalism hasn't done so. But under bureaucratic state socialism at its best, never mind Stalinism, workers cannot overcome the alienation of economic and political power that characterizes capitalism. People must remain passive, ceding their creative and constructive powers to their rulers. Under an authentic socialism, on the other hand, the public as a whole—not some professional class of political representatives—must recover the economic and political power to participate in administering society. Socialist institutions, in short, must be far more democratic than those of the bourgeois revolution. It is not enough, scarcely anything, to have a bureaucratic state with civil liberties and elections (which is what social democrats historically have advocated), because the centralized hierarchy of power and the system of uncontrollable representation conspire to maintain the powerlessness and passivity of the citizen. Of course socialism must be democratic—no question about

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that; but the form of socialist democracy cannot be the bureaucratic state. It must be self-government.

What the editors mean by self-government is a grass-roots democracy in which monopolies of power have been eliminated and in which not only the political organs but also the economy at all levels is governed democratically. Power stays at the base, rooted in a dual structure of local democracy in the community and workers' self-management in the economy. The decentralized, locally controlled political and economic bodies would federate together to form "an organization of society as a federation of workers' and citizens' councils," in a kind of crosshatch of community, region and nation. There must be enough decentralization to permit local participation on all issues; but, equally, enough bottom-up federalism to prevent chaos. Rotating representation and a workable system of recall would militate against the rise of a new class of rulers. And in the long run, a high degree of education and culture—possible only in the industrial countries—would guarantee a rational and well-informed public capable of ruling itself, for the first time in history.

The editors claim no originality for these ideas. What they do claim, instead, is the socialist tradition, or at least a good part of it, and their anthology of self-governing socialism consequently is in part a rehabilitation of older ideas—a rehabilitation of socialism's soul, in Mihailo Markovic's description. The greater part of the first volume is given over to historical writings and documents. Proclamations and manifestoes from the Russian Revolution and its European counterparts, from the Spanish Revolution of 1936 and the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 all illustrate varieties of the workers' council, the fundamental organ of self-government. Plenty of non-Marxist or unorthodox theoreticians from Proudhon to G.D.H. Cole describe possibilities of self-government, and orthodox Marxists such as Karl Korsch, Gramsci, and even Daniel De Leon (whose American twist to self-management was industrial unionism) offer a spectrum of theories all tending in the same general direction. Of course Marx himself argued along similar lines (though not always), and drew up the philosophic basis for a theory of self-government in his work on alienated labor and capital, as Markovic argues; all this is included too. Some of this is easily found elsewhere, some is new in English. What is valuable is to see the familiar cheek by jowl with the obscure for a new reading of socialism's revolutionary democratic core.

Not, of course, that these libertarian ideas of self-government represent socialism's only thrust. The editors call the bureaucratic state a deviation from authentic socialism, but they know it is a deviation with historical origins. Marx and Engels were, among other things, state centralists; they did not pay much attention to the contradiction between the hierarchical authoritarian state and a society reordered by the working class as a whole. "No doubt historical experience makes clear that Marxian means and ends were not fully consistent," one of the editors explains. But, he adds, "no doubt, too, if Marx and Engels had lived to see later developments, they would have changed means, not ends." Those ends are incontestable: "Marxian socialism means destruction of the authoritarian state, communal decentralization, and producers' self-management."

These goals (along with the passion for orthodoxy) are taken seriously in Yugoslavia, which is why it is proper that the bulk of the modern selections should come from that country. Yugoslavia is constitutionally committed to self-government, though for a generation the actual organs of such a system have had to wriggle under the thumb of the central state. Nevertheless the experiment in social self-government—in workers' management of factory production, especially—has been conducted on a fairly large scale and with considerable success. The economic and sociological descriptions of this attempt, along with Markovic's philosophic essays, have a down-to-earth practicality which, as the historical selections show, is relatively new in the theory of social self-government—a renovation, not just a rehabilitation. Social self-government, after all, is an embryonic society, not just an aspiration.

Its limitations in Yugoslavia, which are so striking under the authoritarian state, should not surprise us. Social self-government, Markovic argues, is a revolution for an epoch, a major stage of development, and doesn't arrive at a stroke. Most socialist states today lack the material and cultural wealth for that development; they also lack the desire, shown by the fact that no preparations are being made for a future shift to self-government. In this, at least, Yugoslavia stands pretty much alone, and the Yugoslav contributors and editors are proud and even boastful about it. Sad to say, that only makes it more ironic that their Marxist journal, *Praxis*, has been forced to close, and that some of the writers have had to face state persecution. As Horvat, one of the editors, comments, "self-government is an idea so alien to the spirit of bureaucracy that it is clear that it will encounter vigorous resistance." In the long run the conflict should be total, since, in Markovic's words, "The development of self-management is nothing but another name for the withering away of the state"—over which no bureaucratic power will happily preside.

The editors' purpose was to produce a single "collection of material approaching self-government as a worldwide phenomenon and dealing with all its important aspects." Their two volumes, translated by Helen Kramer, do just that. The first volume is historical and philosophical, with selections from some eighteen countries; the second is largely economic and sociological. Together or separate the books are outrageously expensive, which is too bad because they should be distributed and read. □

FRIENDS

I once had an enemy,
now he is a person
that I know. He strikes
me and I sing. I strike
him and he dances. Neither
of us wants to die unforgiven
We were lonely
among the implements
of self esteem.

David Ignatow

The Bureau, Warts and All—Mostly

FBI. *By Sanford J. Ungar. Atlantic Press-Little, Brown. 645 pp. $14.95.*

FRED J. COOK

This is a bureaucratic age in which patriotism and loyalty acquire perverted meanings. Dedicated men, the most ardent self-perceived patriots, identify the national good and national security with the aims, purposes and actions of the power complex with which their lives, careers and fortunes are identified. The higher loyalty of their beings requires complete fealty to the organization to which they belong, and so the goals of the servitor-bureau and its legions are superimposed on the ideals and purposes of the nation.

Such is the essential lesson, all too dimly preceived, that is being brought home to us by the current investigations into those federal investigative twins, the

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Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Central Intelligence Agency. A consistent, underlying rationale threads through the disclosures of assassination attempts, burglaries, mail openings and all kinds of despicable prying into private lives. Such violations of law and principle—and the deliberate deception of public officials about them—are justified in the eyes of such "rogue elephant" power structures (to use Sen. Frank Church's description of the CIA) on the grounds that theirs is the holy cause—the protection of a public and a corps of officials who are often too stupid to appreciate their holiness.

The architect of this super-dedication that elevates the part above the whole in the name of the whole was the late J. Edgar Hoover, who perfected the pilot model in the FBI. Sanford J. Ungar in this new and enormously detailed account of the bureau gives us some vivid illustrations of the process. Not that Ungar set out to do so.

His purpose, he writes, was to produce "neither a piece of propaganda" nor a brief for dismantling the FBI but to conduct "an unbiased inquiry into the nature of the FBI, how it works, who peoples it and what it does." He had a unique opportunity because the new FBI director, Clarence M. Kelley, gave him authority to visit the bureau's offices and talk to agents without restraint.

It was a permission granted over the prostrate forms of top officials of External Affairs, the FBI's $2,866,000 public relations arm. As Ungar soon discovered, however, External Affairs may have been floored by its own director, but it was not knocked out. For just as holy ends and purposes turn powerful bureaus into rogue elephants, so do the same motives lead underlings to cross up their own superiors. Ungar soon became aware that External Affairs, "in direct contravention of instructions from the director's office," was sending agents to monitor his interviews in the field. He was "misled and occasionally told untruths" even about such simple matters as when Kelley was to testify before Congressional committees. One bureau official later admitted lying to Ungar "at the suggestion of higher-ups," and Ungar acknowledges that he cannot tell how often that happened.

Despite such roadblocks, Ungar has written a book that, more than any other, gives an authentic picture of life in the FBI. The smell and feel of the field offices, the lives that agents lead, the way they function—it is all here, and it all rings true. True, too, is the picture of the Hoover autocracy, a dictatorship that made sycophancy the only sure road to preferment and hounded even the mildest critics as "enemies" and, naturally, subversives.

The pervasive authoritarianism that developed a kind of in-house fanaticism reveals itself in chapter after chapter of Ungar's book. The Special Agent in Charge at Wounded Knee becomes irritated at a Minneapolis television program he had himself suggested "because it was not 100 per cent pro-FBI." The federal judge in that case commented that "the FBI are like the Indians. They take the view that if you're not with them 100 per cent, you're against them."

Ungar is fair, but he is no 100 per center. He does not dramatize the FBI's famous chases and shoot-outs. Individual cases are usually compressed into one fat paragraph. The episodes that Ungar describes at greater length—for instance, a bank robbery quickly solved, told in the style of "Win one for the Gipper"—are chosen to illustrate various facets of everyday life in the bureau.

The method suits Ungar's stated purpose, but at times the lack of in-depth analysis of significant cases results in the glossing over of major issues. Hoover's uncritical acceptance of the tales of informers does not become clear. And the nasty term, *agent provocateur*, is barely mentioned in these pages. Yet informers who were often turned into *agents provocateurs* represented the most dangerous, pernicious aspect of Hoover's regime.

The director's commitment to informers and their dubious tales was the fundamental flaw in the disgraceful Palmer Red Raids of 1919-20. Hoover was in charge of the field work, the official in direct command in Washington and the spokesman for the bureau, yet his role is passed over here in an equivocal footnote.

The issue is important because the mental bias shown then marked the future career of the all-powerful director. When Atty. Gen. Herbert Brownell accused former President Truman of having harbored spies, Hoover charged to the aid of Brownell by putting all his prestige on the line in support of the spy tales of Elizabeth Bentley. She had always been absolutely reliable, he declared, though the transcripts of Congressional hearings and trials demonstrated that she had had difficulty telling the same story twice under oath. None of this emerges in Ungar's brief, brushing reference to the episode.

From informer to *agent provocateur* is one of the shortest shortcuts in law enforcement. Hoover made that hop many times. Ungar deals briefly with the Christian Front spy-sabotage scare of 1940, but does not disclose that the trial record showed the FBI's informer made the plot possible by supplying the Christian Fronters with arms and getting them talking-drunk on FBI-donated liquor. In similar fashion, in a case not mentioned here, the FBI informer in the Camden draft board raid during the war in Vietnam supplied the tools and the know-how for a break-in that was about to be abandoned before he made it possible. Ungar describes the COINTELPRO disruptive program during the war in Vietnam but skips mention of some of the deliberately fomented campus violence (the riots at the University of Alabama were a glaring example) aimed at discrediting the anti-war movement.

Analysis of this kind would perhaps have violated Ungar's self-imposed restraint and his effort to avoid bias. It will not make him any more popular in certain quarters because, even within these limitations, his narrative is devastating enough.

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The Hoover he pictures is hardly the nonpareil of legend. He was "prejudiced and narrow-minded, overtly biased against black people." He once vowed there would never be a black agent while he was director. He distrusted minorities; he was "intolerant of women in any but subservient positions." He wasn't a book reader—the crack in the bureau was that he hadn't even read his own, which were ghosted for him by researchers and flacks in his publicity bureau. His grasp of details was sometimes so faulty, his grammar so bad when he testified before the House Appropriations Committee, that aides had to spend days of round-the-clock work correcting the raw transcript so that it would be appropriately flawless when it reached the public.

He fostered the image of an FBI of impeccable virtue. No agent was supposed to accept a drink or a black cigar —yet Hoover and his inseparable shadow, Clyde Tolson, free-loaded annually as guests of the oil millionaires Sid Richardson and Clint Murchison at La Jolla, Calif. There was a lot of Scrooge in Hoover. He pocketed his share of royalties from his best-selling book on communism, *Masters of Deceit*, but begrudged giving the real writer anything—and finally awarded him a measly $250.

L. Patrick Gray and Kelley, the directors who followed Hoover, both found that his inbred, sycophantic bureau had fallen behind private industry and some other law-enforcement agencies in the scientific laboratory work that had once been the FBI's glory. They found that so much effort had been expended in trying to link domestic anti-war protests with communism (after all, it was inconceivable to the authoritarian mind that such protests could be matters of conscience) that some genuine Russian spies practiced their trade with impunity.

Hoover's crew-cut, conservative agents —suits neatly pressed, white shirts, solid-colored socks, no mustaches, no beards —were hardly cut out for undercover work. Where the Mafia was concerned, they stood out like traffic lights. Of course, Hoover denied for decades that the Mafia or any national crime syndicate existed. Even the Apalachin crime conference didn't convince him. Ungar theorizes, as have others, that he fought fighting the Mafia for two reasons: he didn't want to mar his cozy relationship with some powerful members of Congress who had certain unmentionable ties, and it was much easier to build impressive statistics on which the FBI relied to show its worth by chasing stumblebums—car thieves, bank robbers and kidnappers.

Fortunately, Ungar reports that Kelley is changing much of this. There are now black FBI agents, even female agents. Mustaches and beards are permitted. More emphasis is being placed on catching important criminals, less on ideological witch hunts. And a new generation, bred in the anti-Vietnam turmoil of the 1960s and 1970s, is entering the bureau, a harbinger perhaps of more changes in the future.

"This is your FBI" as Sanford Ungar sees it, and he has given us, with his exhaustive and careful research, a book invaluable in its scope and its understanding of the autocratic, powerful bureau that did so much to shape American attitudes in the post-World War II era. □

Doing Well by Doing Wrong

1876: A Novel. *By Gore Vidal. Random House. 384 pp. $10.*

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON

"Son of Burr" has propitiously arrived this Bicentennial year in the craftily appropriate form of *1876*. For Gore Vidal is above all a master craftsman with the ability to interweave grand historical warp with fictional woof in a manner which is —like Vidal himself—both plausible and preposterous.

Drawing on the controversial political election of 1876 as well as his own literary history for this most recent dramatization of American politics, Vidal again speaks in the cynically detached voice of the hypothetical Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler, illegitimate son of Aaron Burr and ostensible biographer of that shrewd adventurer who sought to topple Jefferson and conquer Mexico—as chronicled by Schuyler/Vidal in *Burr*, his best-seller of 1973.

Schuyler, returning to America in late 1875 with his daughter Emma (the widowed Princess d'Agrigente) after a thirty-seven-year absence, plunges into the political and social intrigue of New York and Washington City in order to restore his fortune and literary reputation—and to marry off his lovely, worldly daughter. Through Schuyler's explorations of the changed city, Vidal enables us to imbibe the flavor of high society among the Astors, Belmonts, et al., in their uptown brownstones—as well as that of the low downtown society of such social sewers as Five Points (where Schuyler had spent time as a young man in *Burr*), and the more recently shady areas beneath the elevated railway along Sixth Avenue.

The point in time is felicitously chosen, benefiting not only Vidal but readers for whom the political issues and ambience of a century ago are only rather vague, although they are represented here as not so dissimilar to those of our own times. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant is the incumbent President, seen as increasingly unlikely to succeed himself after the financial panic of 1873 and a series of scandals during his administration. Gov. Samuel Tilden of New York is the favored Democratic candidate, supported by Schuyler—who hopes to be appointed his envoy to France and live out his remaining days in the country where he and his daughter have spent most of their years abroad.

Schuyler's daughter Emma, born in Europe and speaking French more fluently than English, looks on the social and political shenanigans of New York and Washington as the antics of a theatre of the absurd. When she goes to Washington with Schuyler, who will write about the elections for the New York *Herald*, Emma delightedly qualifies as "African" the subtropical, predominantly black city with its savage white politicians. The brass spittoons, the smoke-filled rooms, the Capitol cloakrooms crowded with lobbyists, the beards and other facial festoonery, and above all the cynical and self-serving manipulations of the primitive politicians—the "Africans"—are so palpably described that one is loath to doubt the authenticity of any detail.

Certainly passing through these segments of American history with Vidal as cicerone is more entertaining—and possibly more enlightening, if more disillusioning—than reading the dry record. It is tempting to remark that in the way of history Vidal writes plausible literature, and in the way of literature he writes lively history; but I think this does injustice to his skill at combining the two. Given the facts (as he has assiduously pursued them), his characterizations of the people who perpetrated the memorable events of our history are astute and credible. As the Baron Jacobi says, "We *cannot* know any history, truly. I suppose somewhere, in Heaven perhaps,

Ann Morrissett Davidon lives in Haverford, Pa.

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there is a Platonic history of the world, a precise true record. But what we think to be history is nothing but fiction. Isn't that so, Mr. Schuyler? I appeal to you, perversely, since you are an historian."

"And therefore a novelist?" Schuyler replies.

"*Malgré vous,*" says the Baron.

Reading *1876* is a pleasure that satisfies the curiosity and intellect but requires little else of the reader—except occasional pushing. I could almost have written this review without having read the book, so predictable have Vidal's political novels become. Not, of course, in their intriguing particulars but in their dry, witty revelations of roguery in high places, their elegantly portrayed personae driven by not so varying degrees of greed for money, sex, power—especially power, for which the first two are usually vehicles. While these may be elemental forces in us all, there is a human dimension lacking in these brightly brittle characters, limited—except for Schuyler's brief, touching reflections on his own mortality—to their pyrotechnical verbal displays and power plays. One would like to believe more in their possible nobility, and less in their pervading knavery.

1876, as Vidal points out in his Afterword, forms the midpoint of a trilogy (a literary form he claims to deplore). With *Burr* starting off in Revolutionary times and *Washington D.C.* taking us to "the beginning of Camelot," these two historical novels form a kind of matrix in which *1876* is embedded. 1976 is an auspicious time for this parturition, in the wake of Vietnam and Watergate, for the era is not unlike the aftermath of the Civil War and the Whiskey Ring and the railroad scandals of a century ago. The Republican Presidency too, under U.S. Grant, bears some resemblance to that of our Ford, as do the continuing exposés of wrongdoing and the unseemly scrambling among the candidates.

If Vidal cannot become President himself, a dream he once nurtured, he can at least write about Presidents and those who intrigue with and around them, cutting them all down to size with his rapier pen. (Not an entirely anachronistic image, for Vidal says that he drafts his writings in pen rather than by typewriter—that newfangled machine just introduced in Schuyler's time—and would no doubt prefer to use quail's quill if it were available.) He cannot resist, too, taking slashes at Mark Twain, along with other popular writers and with pompous publications like *The New York Times* (*The Nation*, almost uniquely, comes off well—even in its infancy virtuous and underpaying). Vidal is suspicious of his own popularity with the reading masses, and has often commented that he "must be doing something wrong." As long as he does not risk moving readers—and himself—to any degree of emotion or action that may be considered "revolutionary" (not just titillatingly "rocking the boat," the title of one of his essay collections), he will no doubt safely continue "doing something wrong," selling well and moving many to admiration of his elegantly elaborated political gossip.

Vidal's competent craft has carried him well these thirty years—"like little wanton boys that swim on bladders / this many summers in a sea of glory"—bearing us provocative pleasures. As for Charles Schuyler, his pen is stilled, in his 64th year, by high living and low politics—or perhaps just by having fulfilled his mission: seeing his daughter's future secure and recording this scurrilously entertaining piece of the past. But history stumbles on and Vidal is still with us to illuminate the recesses of power with his prismatic perceptions, inevitably distorting but ever bedazzling. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Ingmar Bergman's *Face to Face* is, as you would expect, a meticulously crafted film, but in the end it failed to enlist me. In a way it resembles *The Exorcist*, being the melodramatic account of the collapse and salvation of a woman possessed, but it is a less easy picture to evaluate. That is, though I am firm in my belief that the Devil does not take up squatter's rights in the bodies of innocent maidens, I am less sure of my opinion about Bergman's account of a personality at the end of its wits.

In the context of present knowledge, there is obviously much in what he says, since what he says follows the broad line of official, that is, Freudian, psychology. Jenny Isaksson (Liv Ullmann), herself a clinical psychologist, is when we meet her a splendidly efficient and successful credit to her profession. But we meet her as she stands alone in a stripped apartment. The place is empty because Jenny's husband is away on a six-month lecture assignment in the United States; they are to move soon into a house they are having built, and meanwhile she will live for a time with her grandparents. But no Bergman watcher will miss the opening signal—there is a lack of furniture in Jenny's psyche.

Once back in the room of her childhood (her parents were killed in a car crash when she was very young) this proficient young woman begins to deteriorate at an alarming pace. For her, the place is haunted—you can almost hear the Devil rapping in the attic. We learn that, though allegedly devoted to her husband, she has taken a temporary lover. She begins to see a minatory hallucination in the claustrophobic house; on a visit back to her former flat, she is the victim of an unsuccessful and, from the narrative viewpoint, somewhat inexplicable rape; she is horrified by the death-in-life relationship between her senile grandfather and her infinitely sustaining grandmother; she flirts with the idea of starting yet another affair with Tomas Jacobi (Erland Josephson), a new acquaintance who is also a doctor; she cannot rest, she cannot concentrate; she takes a bottle of sleeping pills, washed down with mineral water. End of part one.

Part two is Jenny's return from death,

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told largely through her dreams, as the hospital and Tomas work tirelessly to save her body. We meet Jenny as a little girl, tormented by guilt-shrunken parents, who alternately spurn her and lean upon her. She endures loneliness and a sense of being unworthy, confirmed by a paternal relationship that mixes fear with incipient incest. In desperation, the still immature girl vows to overcome her terrors by making herself into a paragon of precision, authority and service to others. The dream sequences, dominated by allegories of inadequacy, move steadily toward present time, until—in a climactic scene—Jenny awakens, to fling herself around her hospital room, writhing, beating the walls, speaking in voices (if not quite in tongues) and finally vomiting forth the bile of her past. A voice tells us that Jenny, quite recovered, resigned her hospital post, divorced her husband, and is now doing research in the United States (I assume this is a label of "authenticity"). What happened to her own daughter is not stated, but to judge by the kid's one pitiful appearance, she too will experience exorcism.

I don't exactly disbelieve *Face to Face*. We have all had parents, we all have pasts, substantial parts of which we would as soon not remember; none of us is undistorted by the experience of living and the pretense of perfect rationality is an iron mask. One might say that Jenny's brush with the devil is standard operating procedure, except that few suffering mortals can dream as efficiently as she or purge themselves as neatly. In fact, I'm willing to say that, except in psychoanalytic fiction, no suffering mortals are so fortunate.

And that, I think, is what weighs against the attempt to dramatize a psychiatric case history. Psychoanalysis is a tortuous, exasperating, wasteful and, to the onlooker, a boring enterprise. It goes on for years and it cannot hope to be more than relatively successful—if for no other reason than that doctors cannot restore to their patients the amputated years. In order to construct a viable film on that sort of therapy, one must make a number of dramatic assumptions: about beginning, middle and end; about cause and effect; about the legibility of symbolism; about the precision with which the profession can define the illness, direct the therapy and proclaim the cure. Without such framing presuppositions, a movie would wallow in limbo; but by establishing them, a director must inevitably diminish the subject. Jenny Isaksson becomes less and less interesting as *Face to Face* proceeds, for the reason that she becomes less and less a woman and more and more a marvelously complex clockwork mechanism. It is true, of course, that one can repair a clock, or for that matter a computer, with a technical dispatch that eludes the powers of the present psychiatric generation. I suspect that it will elude future generations as well, and on balance I hope so. There is something quite intolerably omniscient about Jenny's clock fixer, Dr. Jacobi, a gynecologist by trade who here undertakes to double as ministrator to a mind in torment, and I appreciated Bergman's attempt to warm his flesh a bit by revealing that he was a covert homosexual. That also gave the film a sentimental twist which alerted me to the fact that the whole venture is tainted by sentimentality—by the definition that sentimentality is the pretense that human beings are incredibly fascinating dolls.

As in its predecessor, *Scenes from a Marriage*, Bergman employs in *Face to Face* a television intimacy that seeks to convince the viewer that absolutely nothing is hidden. And with Liv Ullmann, that most open and malleable of actresses to serve his purpose, he produces an effect which at the time is hypnotic. It is afterward that one may be struck less by what is shown than by what had to be omitted. Who is Jenny Isaksson that we should be concerned about her brainstorm? What would she be like as a friend, a colleague, a shipboard acquaintance? What are her views on subjects other than herself? Bergman opened her up to display her soul, and there was only a set of ill-meshing wheels. If he hadn't declared that she was working in America, I would have thought that she had been boxed away in a closet, safely stored until needed again. □

CEZANNE'S TREES WITHOUT LEAVES

Why study, draw trees without leaves
Like Cezanne in his sketches?
Because the naked branch reveals the curve?
Because the stripped vertical source soars free?
Because the true source needs strippin

James Schevill

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

When *My Fair Lady*, the Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe musical based on Shaw's *Pygmalion* opened in 1956, here are some of the things I said about it: "a very good show . . . because of the intelligent integration of all its elements. . . . Lerner's lyrics have a certain crispness and quality of urbane banter. . . . Oliver Smith's sets are festive with a kind of refreshing neatness, and Cecil Beaton's costumes radiate an unoppressive cheeriness. Loewe's music serves . . . it does not come as a relief but as an extension of the scenes. . . . The total effect is, in the honest sense, wholesome."

All this still holds true in the show's present production (St. James Theatre). Smith's settings don't have quite the original glow, I suppose because they have been more economically executed to offset today's inflated costs. Loewe's tunes seem even better to me now, but Jerry Adler's direction, based on Moss Hart's original staging, grieviously lacks finesse. Higgins (Ian Richardson) has been made too brusque and loud. When he sings *Why Can't the English Teach Their Children How to Speak*? or when he complains (musically) that women aren't as reasonable as men, he *scolds*. Rex Harrison, who spoke rather than sang the lines, softened the note of impatience with a tone of regret that lent a delicate humor to the piece. And George Rose as Alfred Doolittle is too red in make-up, overexuberant and his cockney is so thick as to be barely intelligible. Too much energy is employed to give the impression of jollity, and the sound system turned up too high only adds to the general brashness. Robert Coote, the original Colonel Pickering, is still good.

I enjoyed Christine Andreas as Eliza. Her beauty is Continental rather than English, but she is, forgive the expression, "sexier" than the daintily exquisite Julie Andrews. She has a good voice and with further training and experience might become a good actress. Miss Andreas is American and seems to have expended as much effort in assuming a proper English accent as she did in learning to imitate cockney. The new Eliza, I repeat, is a most fetching person and may go far—if she doesn't immediately become enlisted in films.

Medal of Honor Rag by Tom Cole is an intelligent, effective, well-written play admirably acted by Howard Rollins Jr. and David Clennon and very well directed by David Chambers (Theatre de Lys). It comes to New York from the Theatre Company of Boston by way of the Folger Theatre in Washington, D.C. Much of our better drama now hails from outside New York.

In a sense there is nothing "new" in the play, except for a certain bitter and salutary irony. Dale Jackson, a black veteran of Vietnam, was sent home after suffering a breakdown. On his recovery, he was decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor. After a brief interval at home he rejoined the army. When the play opens he is a patient in a military hospital

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because, while entirely lucid and in most respects normal, he is affected by a deep-seated melancholia. He cannot explain it to himself and it puzzles the medical staff as well. A special therapist from New York has been brought down to the hospital in Pennsylvania, where Jackson is stationed.

What we learn through Jackson's interview with the doctor is that he is in the grip of an acute feeling of guilt. By an odd chance he escaped being killed along with the buddies of his tank unit. Why was he saved when they had to die is his soul's abiding question. But there is more to his trauma than that. On the day of his arrival in Vietnam, some soldiers and an officer who were with him on a truck to the army base slaughtered several Vietnamese children because the kids had mocked them as the truck was passing by. These experiences have produced Jackson's condition, which the doctor calls a case of impacted grief. Unknown to himself, moreover, Jackson has received special attention and privileges as a decorated veteran, and these have intensified his sense of guilt, rendering him ever more listless and morose. Jackson seems somewhat relieved by the doctor's diagnosis and they agree on another session. But before the interview which might have affected a cure, Jackson is dismissed from hospital surveillance and after a while at home, he deliberately pretends a holdup and gets himself killed. He is given a state funeral and burial.

All this is told in a manner compact, unsentimental and gripping from first to last. Howard Rollins Jr. plays Jackson with the same qualities. David Clennon as the doctor is strikingly personable, an excellent leading-man type who speaks well and acts with an altogether convincing incisiveness. He too is an actor who should be "watched," though his attributes, like Miss Andreas's, may lead him straight to Hollywood. That is how the theatre loses its most promising talents.

Play Mas, originally produced at the Royal Court Theatre in London and now being presented at the tiny auditorium of the Urban Arts Corps Theatre, provides a most pleasing evening. (26 West 20th St.) Its author, Mustapha Matura, is a native of Trinidad, who has had several other plays staged in England, where he has received various awards. He is a gifted writer.

The tang of Trinidad is in the piece, both sweet and sharp. The local color is beguiling in its mixture of bloods and cultures, the combination of religions—Christian and Voodoo—the backward and the modern. There is a delightful bit in which a poor tailor of Indian origin and his black helper discuss Robert Mitchum's chief asset—his sartorial aplomb and the superiority of British films to the American. The latter, the tailor says, are full of shooting and other forms of violence, while in the foreign films—especially the British—people sit around in rooms and just talk.

The play, however, is not all cute exoticism. That is only the foreground for the political and social conflict that lurks in the offing. While it was not altogether clear to me what factions were battling (those of Indian extraction against the "Africans"?), or who were "leftists" and who "rightists," it was inescapably evident that U.S. skullduggery was at work and that while we were having fun with the natives as they were playing *Mas* (their Carnival festivities) internecine warfare was going on.

The production has a special grace in its acting, dancing, music and general atmosphere—all unified by the knowing dedication of Vinnette Carroll's direction. Jayant Blue as the tailor, Neville Richen as his apprentice and Marie Thomas, first as the tailor's mother and later as the wife of his apprentice who has become police commissioner, are especially winning. □

THE SONG OF THE BEEKEEPER

The whole field stretches
and brightens to his walking.
The sun awakens and reaches down
when he is near the hives.
The river is bluer for his song.

Inside his house he thinks of bees,
the circles of a lifetime opening
and closing around the hill where
all the flowers are listening.
Banks of color sway back and forth,
forcing the minutes into a timeless
arc of breathing.

In winter the beekeeper paints
what he can remember of summer,
a shock of gold, circles of blue,
triangles of green that will never
wash away. And nightly by the fire,
he sings to his bees and to their song,
to the way the whole hill of his life
curves in and out of the silence
of the sun that has shared everything
he has imagined and more.

Spring again and he walks without
his netting, his gloves, his pipe.
Bees gather around him in the air
and do not sting but listen
to his mellowing song, the way the song
gives strength to their wings, the way
flowers glow warmly with desire.

Tom McKeown

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ART / Lawrence Alloway

Oyvind Fahlstrom is an artist able to combine a wildly discursive narrative form with an unrelenting commentary on world politics. To discover what enables him to handle these divergent interests it may be useful to check back on his work of the 1960s. His working method has been to concentrate on annual or biannual major pieces. These are accompanied by numerous preparatory sketches and variations, but at the core is the series of summarizing works. The first of these, a painting that attracted immediate attention, was called "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume," 1960-61, subtitled "Second Feast on Mad." The painting, a large black and white, was an alphabet soup of fragmented, run-together comic-book images. It was shown in Paris in 1963 with a catalogue text by Robert Rauschenberg. He praised Fahlstrom for being aware that "he is part of the density of an uncensored continuum that neither begins nor ends with any decision or action of his." That is to say, the artist is seen as part of the message systems of the world, intercepting some of them, making use of the existing cultural switchboard, just as Rauschenberg did in his combine-paintings of the time, which were a rendezvous for common objects.

Rauschenberg also pointed out that Fahlstrom was, happily, "without a tasteful sense of the compositional four sides of the canvas." Here he was prescient, anticipating Fahlstrom's subsequent dismemberment of the picture plane and the scatter of imagery into three-dimensional space. After some more comic-strip paintings, including versions of "Krazy Kat," he produced in 1963 a large work called "The Planetarium." Here, instead of depicting a flux of imagery, he worked with real variables. He used magnetized cutouts, an exchangeable wardrobe, which could be used, like dolls' dresses, to clothe contour figures. Variability is a recurrent concern of Fahlstrom's art; another is the relationship of visual and verbal form. "The Planetarium," for instance, with its cluster of isolated people, is derived from Nathalie Sarraute's novel.

In Fahlstrom's new work (Sidney Janis, until April 10) there is a strong verbal component, including quotations from Lorca, Georg Trakl, Sylvia Plath, Pedro Pietri and Eduardo Galeano. Fahlstrom does more than take discrete words or patterned phrases, like a concrete poet; he uses long quotations with sense and syntax preserved. The verbal parts are framed in elaborate speech and think balloons which proliferate like magnolia blossoms. He has dispensed entirely with the continuous bounded surface of the rectangular picture; his pictures are exploded and multileveled. In 1967-68 he made a group of works in which cutout figures, each on its own float, drifted in pools of water, bobbing in random patterns. The new pieces at Janis are all on the wall, but in irregular and sprawling configurations. In some the dominant color is blue: with their fretted topographical contours they look like cutout lakes.

Fahlstrom is the enemy of pure visuality, the theoretical state of Abstract painting. He evades the compactness of formal composition by the ebullience of small forms, busting out all over, and by complex interpenetrations of sentences and pictures. He dismisses the notion of a purely pictorial space, that is, something grasped instantaneously by the spectator's eye and mind. All perception is sequential and Fahlstrom insists, like Klee before him, on the successive or discontinuous reading of his multiple vignettes. He proposes intricate scenarios whose nodal points fray into endless possibilities, like tassels.

The new works, shredded but proliferating, as if somebody had taken a shotgun to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, are softer in color than before, a kind of lyrical acrylic: hushed pastel hues, but covered with written or hand-printed inscriptions. Fahlstrom is fascinated by vernacular imagery: pungent images from low graphics occupy the archipelago patterns of his work. The ideographic vitality of the comic book is maintained through their transfer to such subjects as the "Plutonium Blackmail Scenario," the "Cancer Epidemic Scenario" and the "Protein Race Scenario."

Since "The Cold War," 1963-65, a variable painting divided into two panels, East and West, with a central zone for competition, Fahlstrom's games have been political in reference. In the present show several works allude to Latin America: "Packing the Hart Potatoes (Chile 1: Last Months of Allende Regime)" and "At Five in the Afternoon (Chile 2: the Coup)." In the latter a comedy of civil war is played out in terms of a skinny blue vertical form on the wall (a cutout map of Chile) from which glass fiber rods sprout, like a porcupine on a war-games table. On the quills, shreds of images and words are caught, carrying messages that touch directly or obliquely on the coup. In "Chile 1," the map of the country is horizontal, a platform for a relief of separate images on wire rods that spring from it. Phrases include: "the terrible brain of Krupp"; "he tells me how badly I photograph"; "I notice you are stark-naked—how about this suit . . . Black and stiff but not a bad fit." Along with the words are images of poisons, tanks, bullies, insignia.

Fahlstrom's basic strategy is the use of games. He puns on game in the sense of amusement or time past and game in the newer sense of analysis and prediction. Thus he can use dolls' dresses, toys, comic-book styles, and games—as in his "World Politics Monopoly," 1970, or his "Kidnapping Kissinger" game board of 1972. The two levels are united of course by the facts that games reflect the cultures in which they are played and that our language is qualified by infantile traces. Hence the natural association in Fahlstrom's later work of politics and poetry. □

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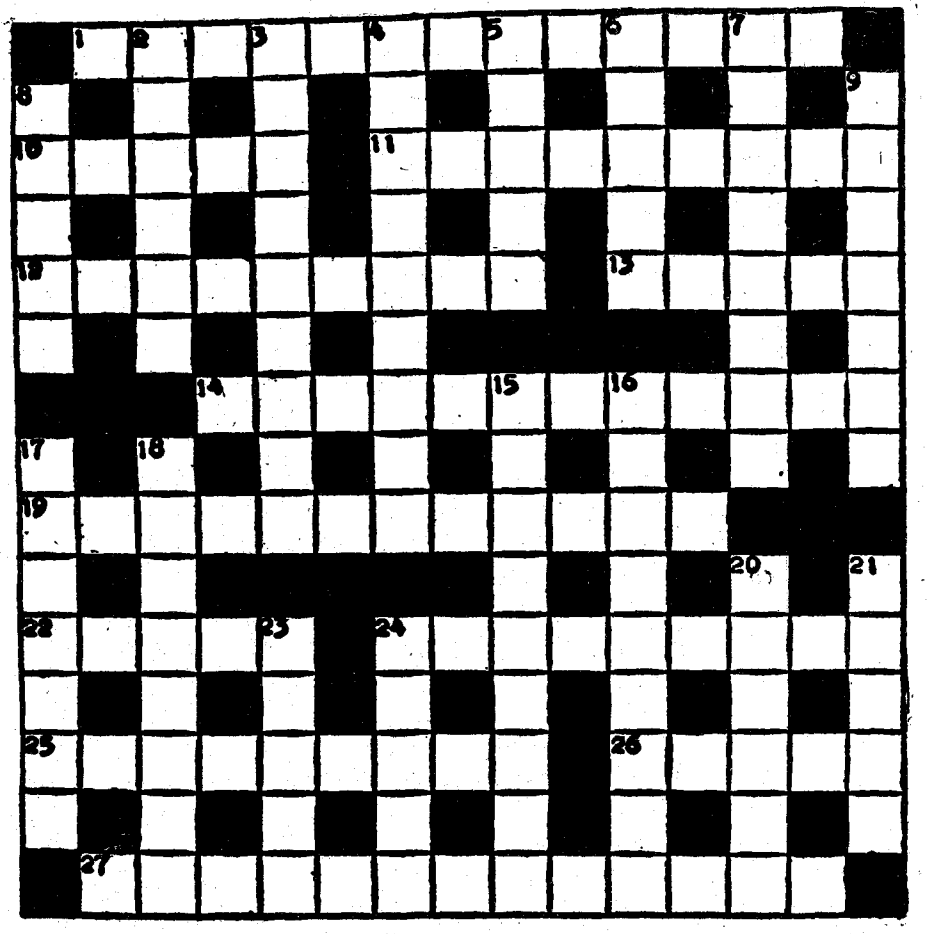
Crossword Puzzle No. 1628

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 You and I, by the girl's fabric remnant, might predict 17. (7,6)
10 A pinch of tea, by the sound of it, not strong. (5)
11 An uncommonly great help in communications! (9)
12 Where they used to put apples in casks? (9)
13 Girl from the country running from pole to pole. (5)
14 Possibly rash treatment for the very young. (6,6)
19 and 27 Regardless of how the summer was spent, the next few months were exceedingly pleasant, though the subject remained apart. (6-6,3,1,5,4)
22 Some pronounce it to be the poorest possible filler for a sandwich. (5)
24 Intrinsically, always inside, but keep trying! (9)
25 Oriental symbol possibly associated with New Orleans of song. (6,3)
26 Longfellow said "Sail on, O" to it. (5)
27 See 19 across

DOWN

2 Come out of liquid, perhaps, in a Bessemer-generated process. (6)
3 If you want the best celery, don't be discouraged! (4,5)
4 Might be shifted from center and carried away. (9)
5 Possibly lists, in more than one way. (5)
6 Summons, perhaps, in the book. (5)
7 By the way, you might be located here. (8)
8 With the urge to be benefited by such as 14? (5)
9 Polish experts? By tradition, what could turn out to be a favorite course has application here. (7)
15 Is the Roman made to be confused by it? (It should help to straighten him out.) (9)
16 Some useless buttons might be found, and not paid for. (2,3,4)
17 Do they also tell at kindergarten? (7)
18 Bee-bread. (8)
20 Your humble servant, once? (6)
21 Purposes of wealth? (5)
23 Got an alternative answer? Friendly association with it, possibly. (5)
24 The artist's subject might be a difficult one. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1627

ACROSS: 1 Short notice; 9 and 10 Good night; 11 Atom; 12 Moravia; 13 Bluffed; 15 Colleges; 16 Yahoos; 18 Oracle; 21 Repartee; 24 Rampart; 28 Here; 29 Houri; 31 Use you head. DOWN: 2 and 25 Hydraulic press; 3 and 26 Running account; 4 Nags; 5 Totally; 6 and 30 Chaffinch; 7 Rococo; 8 Toledo; 14 Usury; 17 Harmonica; 19 Reaped; 20 Earthly; 22 Puckish; 23 Eunuch; 27 Tutu.

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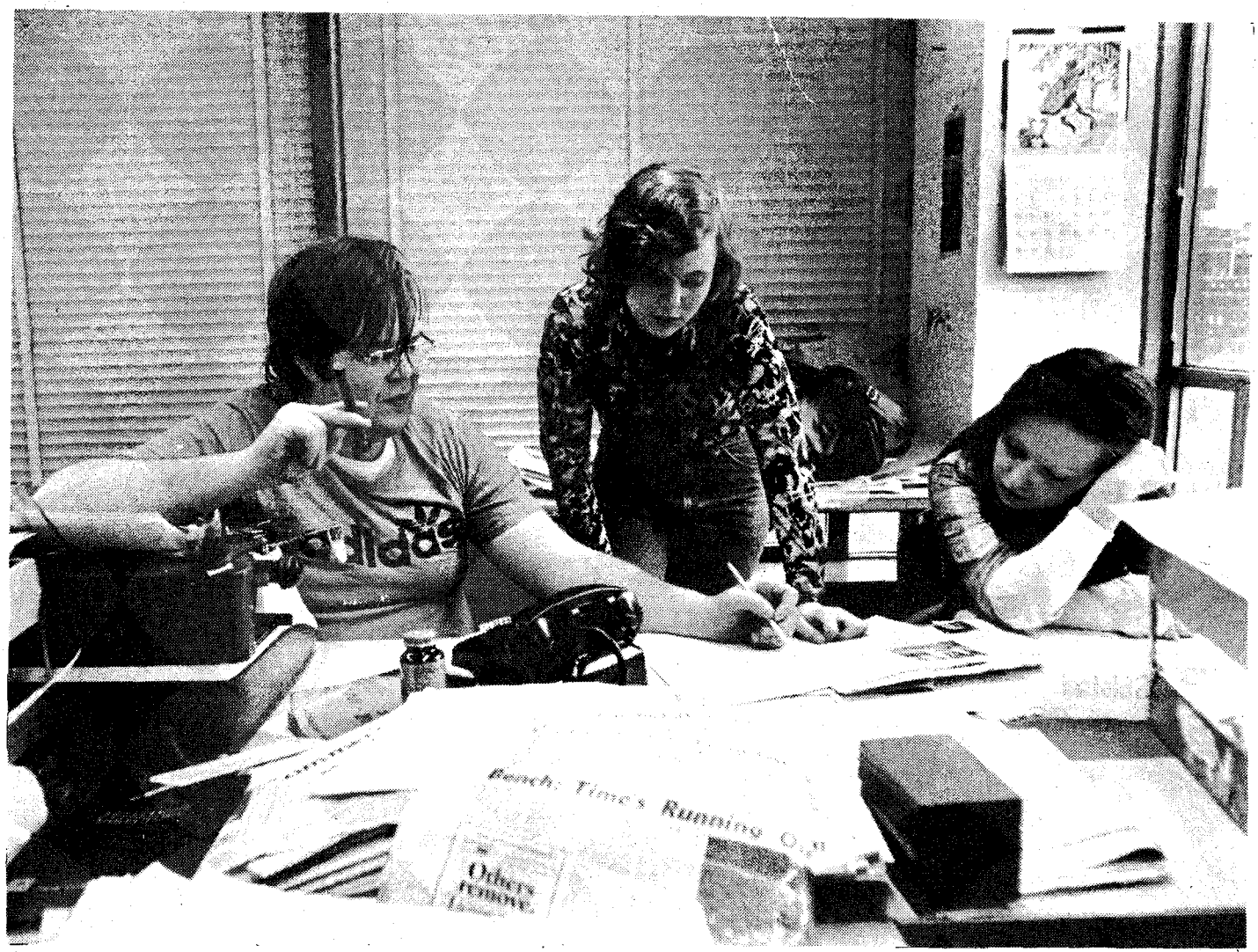

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